4 O'Clock

THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS

8 PAGES EVERYDAY

VOL. XXII—NO. 16. WHOLE NO. 6,149.

INDIANAPOLIS, THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 25, 1890.

PRICE TWO CENTS. SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR.

WHERE DOES BRICE LIVE?

HIS BROTHER DISCUSSES THE MATTER OF NEW YORK RESIDENCE.

Says It Was a Trick of the Census—Some Instances of People Being Wrongly Enumerated — An Ohio Senator's Home.

CINCINNATI, December 25.—The Enquirer to-day publishes this: Seated in the marble-tiled lobby of the Gibson House yesterday was Hon. John K. Brice, the younger brother of Senator-elect Calvin S. Brice, who had just come down from Lima on a business trip. Although suffering from a slight cold, Mr. Brice chatted upon different topics in his pleasant and entertaining way, being one of the best informed men in the country on general subjects.

When the matter of the attack on Senator Brice's citizenship was broached his brow corrugated for a moment and a look of impatience came over his face. It was momentary, however, and a laugh followed it. Removing his cigar, Mr. Brice said:

"Yes, the Republicans are fond of threshing over old straw, on general principles, and can be relied upon to grasp at very flimsy excuses for opening up this subject that was passed upon and decided a year ago by the best legal talent in the country, by the press, and by our Legislature."

"How about the enumeration in the New York city census?" was asked.

"Thinking people will understand that, whether it resulted from party trickery or simply from the ambition of the enumerator to swell New York's population, such a proceeding can have no possible bearing on his legal domicile. There are thousands of similar cases. I have a sister who was attending the New England Conservatory of Music when the enterprising Bostonians took their census. She, along with the seven hundred other pupils, from all quarters, was returned as a resident of Boston. Of course, she was also returned as part of our household and helped swell Lima's population. Another instance is that of my friend, W. E. Hackedron, general attorney for the Lake Erie & Western railroad. When the general offices of the railroad were moved to Indianapolis, in 1887, he had to establish an office there, and has his wife and baby in a cozy little home there a good part of the time, but he never gave up his Ohio citizenship, and always voted in Lima—the Republican ticket, I am sorry to say. Otherwise, he is a charming fellow. The Indianapolitans promptly counted him and his family as part of their population, and, of course, also got the benefit of his citizenship.

"I presume thousands of similar instances could be discovered if it were worth while to look for them."

"How about his resident membership of New York clubs?" was the next query.

"That is a flimsier pretext on which to attack his Ohio citizenship than the other. The very article that advanced that argument to fix his residence in New York, quoted the by-laws of the clubs, in which it was expressly stated that having a New York office was a bar to non-resident membership. Why don't they also claim that he is a legal resident of Newport, because he lives there part of the year, and is a member of the Casino club?"

"You don't think, then, that he considers the cry being so industriously circulated by the Republican papers worthy of a serious response from him?" suggested the reporter.

"That is my notion of his view of the matter, but you must understand that I am not authorized to speak for him, and am only giving you my own views and those of his friends, not only at his home, but throughout the State, irrespective of party. I am glad to find in my travels throughout the State, and in my correspondence, that there are many fair-minded Republicans, as well as Democrats, who sympathize with the pride, as well as the sedulous care, he has taken in preserving and maintaining his Buckeye citizenship ever since his business interests have required a large portion of his time in New York city."

"You haven't mentioned the revival of the old charge that he had certified in aqueduct bond to being a citizen of New York city?" remarked the reporter.

"You are aware that there was an effort to make some capital out of that during the sensational campaign, but that it was met with affidavits from his business associates and from the members of the aqueduct board, to the effect that he implicitly stated to the board that he was a legal resident of Ohio, but that he had property in New York city and was a taxpayer there, which was deemed by the board sufficient to make him eligible as a bondsman. I may appear to speak with unnecessary warmth, and too much at length, considering the security I feel on this subject. But the rubbish that has been going the rounds of the Republican press, intended to prejudice the public mind, makes me a trifle red-headed, and I'm obliged to you for affording me an opportunity to relieve my mind."

BURIED TREASURE.

Family Plate Secreted by an Insane Man Thirty Years Ago.

NEW YORK, December 25.—James Whitney, a retired sea captain, independently rich, leased an old mansion which stood on what is now the corner of Bushwick avenue and Jefferson street, Brooklyn, thirty years ago, and took his family to reside there. Captain Whitney was in poor health, and developed symptoms of insanity. He had to be watched closely night and day, and a man servant was employed whose sole duty was to look after him. One day the vigilance was relaxed. Mrs. Whitney and her daughters went to New York to visit some friends, and the man, taking advantage of their absence, left his charge while he went to attend to some private business. When Mrs. Whitney returned in the evening every piece of a large collection of silverware had disappeared. A gold watch and chain belonging to one of the Misses Whitney was also missing. The hired man was accused of having robbed the place, but there was no evidence against him and the charge was dismissed.

Just before Captain Whitney died he told his wife that he had buried the silverware, but he could not remember in what place. The gardens on which the house stood were dug up and the missing watch was found, but there were no traces of the silverware. The property in course of time was purchased by the St. Mark's Lutheran Evangelical church. The ground is now being dug for the reception of the foundation walls of the building to be erected, and a small crowd of the old residents of the neighborhood watch with interest every stroke of the pick to see if it will unearth the long-lost treasure. Captain Whitney's descendants are now living in New York city. The lost silverware bears their names and crest, and if it be found some of them will doubtless come forward with the claim for its possession.

Finally, Boulangism is Dead.

PARIS, December 25.—General Boulanger's friends recently determined to press his old claim to a seat before the Chamber of Deputies. Tuesday it was brought to vote and rejected. M. Laguerre, who was formerly an active supporter of the General, voted against the claim of his old leader. This action was not unexpected from M. Laguerre's recent utterances, and especially his speech at the Salon des Familles on October 31, when he discussed Boulangism simply as an historical fact. In giving his vote M. Laguerre explained that his action was not directed against General Boulanger personally. He was influenced simply by motives of public policy. He was utterly amazed that General Boulanger should interpret his present opposition as a personal matter. Neither was it an indication of a continuance of a back-stairs policy against the General, and it was a serious mistake for him so to think. Boulangism was dead, and the sooner this fact was recognized the better for the country.

CHRISTMAS IN CHAINS.

A Young Man Who Deserted His Ship Has a Cheerless Day.

NEW YORK, December 25.—Charles Bernhardt spent his Christmas loaded down with chains in the prison ward of the United States war-ship Chicago, and was compelled to content himself with a plain diet of bread and water, while he sniffed the aroma of the savory turkey and mince pie which had been provided for the officers and men of the vessel, while the clanking of his chains mingled with the sounds of revelry on the upper deck. Bernhardt's case is an unfortunate one. He is a young German, ignorant of the English language. A year ago last July he enlisted for the outward cruise of the Chicago as a first-class musician. He saw just about as much of the world, and gained just as much of an experience of American war-ships as he cared for, and when the Chicago returned to New York in October, he lost no time in getting ashore and making tracks for another place.

His whereabouts, however, were soon discovered, he was arrested, brought back to New York and placed on shipboard in chains. Some of his countrymen who took an interest in his case procured a writ of habeas corpus, and there have already been three hearings before United States District Judge Benedict. On each occasion the unfortunate man appeared in court under guard of five stalwart marines. A decision has yet to be rendered by the court, and meanwhile Bernhardt languishes in chains night and day. Should the decision of the court be unfavorable to him he will then have to be tried by a court-martial for desertion.

CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE MAN

Sued for Breach of Promise by an Actress.

CHICAGO, December 25.—Miss Mary Patrice-Whitbeck, now playing in "The Midnight Call" at one of the theaters here, is the plaintiff in a breach of promise suit for $20,000 begun yesterday against A. P. Blakely, a young Board of Trade man, whose office is in the Royal Insurance building, and who is said to be pretty well fixed financially. Miss Patrice is the daughter of ex-Judge Whitbeck, of Hudson, N. Y. It was during an engagement here, it is said, that Miss Patrice and Mr. Blakely first became acquainted, and for some time he was eagerly, to all appearances, pressing for a marriage. The actress claims to have a number of letters showing conclusively that Mr. Blakely promised to marry her, and for this purpose took her to Waukegan, Ill., December 13.

He intended, he said, to go to Wisconsin, where marriage licenses are not required, and when he discovered his mistake in supposing Waukegan to be across the State line, he brought Miss Patrice back to Chicago, saying they would soon go to Kenosha, which is certainly in Wisconsin, to have the ceremony performed. They never went there, and the defendant is charged with backing out of the arrangement, for which the court is now asked to pass upon the question of compensation for injured affections. The case promises to be a racy one.

JULIA MARLOWE'S FUTURE.

The Efforts of Friends to Get Mr. Barrett to Manage Her.

PHILADELPHIA, December 25.—The condition of Julia Marlowe shows daily improvement. She has now sufficiently recovered to be able to be up most of the day and to walk about her room. Her illness has left none of the lingering complications which so often survive such attacks, and there is every promise that when her recovery shall be complete her health will be better than it has been for several years past. Her physicians have ended their ministrations, and although she is yet very feeble, it is thought that in a few weeks more she will be able to venture out of doors. Under the advice of her physicians she will not attempt to return to the stage during the present season, but it is given out on good authority that for the season of '91-92 she will have as manager no less eminent a personage than Lawrence Barrett.

The distinguished tragedian has been asked by a large number of Miss Marlowe's friends, including Colonel McClure and G. W. Childs, to take the management of the young star, and although he has not yet given a definite reply, it is understood that he is very favorably impressed with the idea. Mr. Barrett has all along expressed the opinion that Miss Marlowe has a great future before her, and that all she needs is to be properly brought before the amusement-going public.

CANNON FOR TREASURER.

A Report That Mr. Huston May be Succeeded by Congressman Cannon.

WASHINGTON, December 26—The rumor is revived to-day that Congressman Joe Cannon will be appointed United States Treasurer early in the coming year, or as soon as the business of the House Committee on Appropriations, and of which he is chairman, is completed. The resignation of Treasurer Huston has been on file for some time, and although he is anxious to retire, it is understood that he has withheld his request for immediate acceptance until the condition of affairs will permit of Cannon's nomination. This is in spite of the late report that Mr. Huston would withdraw his resignation.

Changes in the Jewish Ritual.

CINCINNATI, December 25.—The committee appointed at the Central Rabbinical Conference at Cleveland last July, to formulate a ritual to be used by all the Jewish synagogues in the United States, met here and has agreed upon the following plan: The Sabbath and holiday prayers will be so recast as to be in accordance with the modern conception of Judaism, so that while retaining the striking and typical sentences in the Hebrew, the greater part of the service will be in English. Special forms of prayer will also be added for special occasions, such as marriages, funerals, confirmations, passover celebrations, etc.

Indications.

Local forecasts—For Indianapolis and vicinity, for the twenty-four hours ending December 26 at 8 a. m.. Cloudy weather and snow, followed by colder, clearing and fair weather during the night.

LOCAL TEMPERATURE.

7 a. m. .... 26° | 2 p. m. .... 25.5°

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

St. Louis has five or six inches of snow to-day.

The aggregate of damages wrought by hog cholera in Jo Daviss county, Illinois, it is said, will reach $150,000.

Rev. Dr. Wright, pastor of the First Congregational Church, New Britain, Conn., received a call to the Lafayette-street Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

A five-hundred-thousand-dollar stock-yards is to be built at Dubuque, Ia. It will be followed by a large packing-house, which will be operated by Chicagoans.

THE DISS DE BAR AGAIN.

THE PRIESTESS OF SPIRITUALISM DICOVERS A NEW VOTARY.

It is a Woman This Time and She Goes in Heavily on the Medium Business—An Extraordinary Show Indeed.

NEW YORK, December 25.—Ann Odelia Salomon, alias Diss De Bar, and a crew of bunco spirit painters have come to the front once more. In 1888 Luther R. Marsh, a distinguished lawyer and vice president of the Union League, was the victim. This year the dupe is Mrs. Harriet E. Beach, wife of Alfred E. Beach, editor of the Scientific American. As in the case of Mr. Marsh, Mrs. Beach has believed in spiritualism for many years, but it is within only a short time that she has come out as a bold defender of the fat spook priestess and a patron of the nineteenth century work of Titian, Rubens and other dead masters of the brush. Pictures "come" for Mrs. Beach as they "came" for Mr. Marsh, and they fill rooms in her fine house at No. 9 West Twentieth street as they filled Mr. Marsh's fine house on Lexington avenue. Unlike Mr. Marsh, however, Mrs. Beach has been persuaded into believing that she has some power herself, in making spirit pictures "come."

It was on Sunday and Monday that Mrs. Beach came publicly to the forground to espouse the cause of the spirit painters. She believed in them before, but recently it having been written to her upon a slate, through a medium, that the spirits of the other world had selected her to be their champion on earth, and it also having been related to her through a spirit that her duty was "to help a sister in disgrace, Mme. Diss De Bar," she decided to face popular criticism and get right up and do some talking. She spoke at a meeting of Spiritualists on Sunday, at Adelphi Hall, and on Monday night upon the same platform she conducted "An exhibition of spirit art and a medium's reception extraordinary." It was, indeed, an extraordinary show, for the extraordinary purpose of obtaining money wherewith to start a fund for the building of a home for the mediums.

"Mme. Diss De Bar and other mediums," argues Mrs. Beach, in presenting the matter to her acquaintances and others, "do not get enough to live upon. As agents of the angel world they can not be expected to do menial work; therefore we must provide for them. Often they are almost hungry, and this is a shame upon us."

The Monday night show was attended by some two hundred persons, and the profits to be devoted to beginning the building fund for the hungry medium's home amounted to only a little over $16. Other meetings are planned, however, and Mrs. Beach hopes that the fund will grow rapidly when more is known about her purpose. Those at the meeting saw a score or so of new paintings by old masters arranged on easels. Mrs. Beach said these pictures had been "produced," largely through her mediumship, by Raphael, Titian and Rubens. The most remarkable of these canvasses was a portrait of Cassandra, the daughter of Prian and Hecuba, born thousands of years ago, a beautiful woman, as mythology hath it, and one who, though a prophetess, none could believe.

The feature of the Monday night's seance was Mrs. Beach's address, in the course of which she referred to an alleged intention of the fat spook monger to change her name to Mme. Margaret. This was vigorously denied by the lady in person, who said she was not ashamed of the name of Diss De Barr, and added: "Mrs. Beach has been called upon, chosen by heaven, to carry on the work which the false-hearted old recreant, Luther P. Marsh, so ignominiously laid down." She said much more, and wound up by promising to "produce" at the next meeting one of the pictures which the court was afraid to permit her to "produce" during her trial.

Editor Beach is said to seriously disapprove of his wife's latest vagary, and a summary ejectment of the spook callers may happen at any moment.

IRVINGTON-ON-THE-HUDSON.

A Very Exclusive Place, Where No Public Institution Is Wanted.

NEW YORK, December 25.—The court of law is likely to be invoked to prevent the erection by the "Christian Brothers," an order of the Roman Catholic Church, from erecting at Irvington-on-the-Hudson a new Manhattan college at a cost of $1,000,000, and which is intended to accommodate no less than one thousand scholars. Some little time ago the order, through its trustees, purchased sixty-five acres of ground in the aristocratic residence place before mentioned, and in close proximity to the palatial residences of Jay Gould and Cyrus W. Field. The purchase was made from the estate of John Jacob Astor, which had acquired twenty acres from Laura Field, a niece of Cyrus W. Field, and the other forty-five acres from Mr. Field himself. It happened, however, that in the deed of the latter property Mr. Astor bound himself, his heirs and assigns, not to erect, establish, or suffer to be erected or established, on the property in question, any livery stable, theater, railroad depot, opera-house, slaughter-house, concert saloon, tallow chandlery, steam engine, smith-shop, hospital or other public institution.

This provision was made simply because Irvington has the reputation of being a very quiet place, and is therefore considered a very desirable residence district. According to the "Christian Brothers," they were not aware, at the time of the purchase, of this restriction, although this is a question of veracity, as Mr. Field says that when he heard that they were negotiating for the grounds he sent them a copy of the deed. At any rate, it is given out that the college shall not go up, and a big lawsuit over the matter is inevitable. Mr. Field says that he is not actuated by bigoted motives, and that he would oppose the erection of a Protestant college just as quickly as a Catholic one.

Attorneys for the proposed college say that if they are beaten at law, they will still have twenty acres of unrestricted property upon which to erect a structure, and that they are fully determined to have a college at Irvington, and nowhere else.

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Her Income and Her Debts—She May Spend $85,000 a Year.

NEW YORK, December 25.—When the Duchess of Marlborough sailed away with her husband a week ago, that they might be in Blenheim Castle for Christmas, there was no end to the speculation as to the result of her visit to this city, made necessary by the financial condition of herself and her nearest relative. About the only thing definite that was known was that there were creditors who represented the indebtedness of $676,121 which had been incurred upon the credit of her estate. Most of it was due to the womanly desire of the Duchess to make Blenheim Castle worthy of its history and place her husband where he would be free from the petty annoyances of men with whom he had had in times gone by some financial transactions. She had drawn heavily against her estate; there was grumbling on the part of some interested with her in her estate, and she came here to make some settlement.

The Duchess was successful in her undertaking. On the proposition of counselor Robert Sewall, at her suggestion, the referee in the case directed that every year out of her income of $135,000 the sum of $50,000 should be set aside for the liquidation of her indebtedness of $676,121. In the event of her death before the indebtedness would be liquidated, the creditors will be protected by an extremely heavy life insurance policy, which the Duchess took out and assigned to the benefit of her creditors. Under these terms the creditors feel they are fairly protected, and the Duchess, with a still unincumbered income of $85,000 a year, may feel that life is yet worth living. These terms are regarded as exceedingly favorable to the Duchess.

THE BAPTIST UNIVERSITY.

It Is to Be Conducted On the Extension Theory.

CHICAGO, December 25.—It has been known for some time that Dr. Harper, president of the new Baptist university to be located in this city, has made a rather startling educational proposition to the trustees. The nature of it was not known until to-day, when the trustees outlined it. Dr. Goodspeed says: "The plan of Dr. Harper is one for college extension. It is proposed to bring the higher education within reach of the common people, and to do so it will be the purpose of the new university to operate through a system of branch schools or academies scattered throughout the country. This plan has been thoroughly misunderstood. Tehse branches will be nothing more than preparatory, with no power of conferring diplomas or degrees. All of these branches will, however, be under the supervision of the central institution of learning.

"Our great object will not be so much to graduate as to educate, and we hope to accomplish the greatest good by bringing the means of higher education within reach of the poorer classes. The plan, as I understand it, is not patterned after any other now in existence, but is original with Dr. Harper. But that portion of Dr. Harper's plan which impresses the trustees most favorably is that which dispenses with a regular curriculum and gives the brighter students the privilege of completing their college course and receiving their full complement of degrees and honors in less time than the mediocre can accomplish this. Students will be given the full benefit of their own energy in this direction and may complete the work in a short or long term, as their circumstances or ambitions may direct. The plan of organization will doubtless be adopted at the next meeting of the board."

A BOILER EXPLOSION.

It Was Thought to be a Powder Mill Gone Skyward.

EASTON, Pa., December 25.—A boiler explosion at the Judson powder mill at Kenvil, on the High Bridge branch of the New Jersey Central railroad, threw that section into great excitement yesterday, as it was at first supposed that the powder-mill had blown up. The works are owned by the Atlantic Dynamite Company. Three men were badly hurt. The boiler in the engine house, a brick structure, was suddenly lifted from its foundation and thrown 125 yards away from the powder-mills. The concussion was very great. The building was shattered and will have to be rebuilt. The engine was considerably injured by flying debris.

The injured are David Wildrich, John Harris and Wm. Holmes. All are married, and each received his injuries from flying brick. The engineer says he does not know what caused the boiler to explode, as he had examined it and the gauges shortly before, and everything seemed to be all right.

CONNECTICUT GOVERNORSHIP

Will Go to the Democrats if a Judicial Decision Holds Good.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., December 25.—Intelligence of the greatest importance as bearing on the governorship has just been received in this city. It is the decision of Judge Hall, a Republican, in a contested judge of probate case at East Lyme. He decides that a paster put on a blank space under the title "judge of probate" on a Prohibitionist State ticket makes the ballot illegal under the State ballot law.

On almost all the Prohibition ballots in this State the judge of probate candidates were left blank, and the name was written in for each probate district. Under Judge Hall's ruling this would throw out some 3,500 Prohibition ballots in the State, and elect Judge Morris (Dem.) by a large majority. Judge Hall's decision is the more significant as it gives the Democratic candidate the office in the East Lyme district.

The Sarcasm of Mr. Windom.

WASHINGTON, December 25.—Secretary Windom has expressed to a Senator his opinion of the proposition of Senator Stanford to lend money to farmers at 2 per cent. interest upon their lands. He gravely informed his caller that he favored Stanford's proposition if he could add three amendments to it. The first amendment was that the loan should be extended to all classes of property. There is no reason, he said, why a special class should be favored. The second would be to lend money to men who had brains but no property. His third amendment was to lend simply upon the title of American citizenship, to men who are so unfortunate as to possess neither brains nor property. With these three amendments, Mr. Windom says the proposition would undoubtedly be hailed with great outbursts of popular approval.

A Monument Thief Wanted.

[Special to The Indianapolis News.]

BRAZIL, December 25.—George Little, who was arrested for forgery at Greencastle on Tuesday, is a well-known character here. About four years he stole a monument from a private cemetery near Poland, twelve miles southeast of Brazil, and placed it in a cemetery here on the order of a dealer, who was at the time sick and unable to look closely after business. He pocketed the proceeds, over fifty dollars, and left. The monument was claimed by its owner in a few days. Little is still wanted for this crime and will be prosecuted for it if the forgery does not send him over the road.

Another Wild Animal Drive.

[Special to The Indianapolis News.]

BRAZIL, December 25.—Jackson township farmers have been annoyed, so they say, by the irrepressible wild animal—panther, or something of the kind—and a drive has been arranged for January 1. The drive will cover two miles square, from John Whittington's east to Wm. Loudermilk's, thence south to Brown's school house, thence west to Zenor's school-house, thence north to starting point. Plenty of foxes are promised in case the wild animal does not show up.

New York Grand Jury Recommendations.

NEW YORK, December 25.—Before the grand jury for the December term was discharged yesterday the foreman handed up three important presentments. The first advocates the establishment immediately of a municipal lodging-house for poor people; the second calls for the compulsory application for a divorce by the courts by Jewish residents before the divorce is granted by the rabbi, and the third is in relation to persons who seek the criminal laws to aid them in the collection of debts.

Boy Injured at Noblesville.

[Special to The Indianapolis News.]

NOBLESVILLE, December 25.—A boy about twelve years of age, son of Wesley Smith, of this city, stealing a ride on a freight while switching, yesterday afternoon, fell under the train and had one foot ground off, crushing the bones up to the knee joint.

TWO CITIZENS STRICKEN.

JUDGE HINES LYING AT DEATH'S DOOR FROM APOPLEXY.

Story of His Life as a Citizen, Soldier and Jurist—J. H. Ross is Also Stricken Down From the Same Cause.

Judge Cyrus C. Hines, well remembered in Indianapolis because of his long residence here and his prominence in business and social relations, was yesterday stricken with apoplexy at his farm near Ludlow, Vt. The life of Judge Hines has been a fine illustration of the fact that the only capital necessary to the success and eminence of the American boy is energy, ability and integrity.

Cyrus C. Hines was born at Sandy Hill, a village of Washington county, New York, December 10, 1830. His father, who was the editor of a country paper, died in 1835, and the widow with her children removed to Lonsdale, R. I. Young Hines attended the common schools and the academy, and worked in the cotton mills until he was twenty-one years old. In 1851 and 1852 he taught school, and in 1854 he came to Indianapolis and began to study law in the office of Simon Yandes. In December, 1855, when he was twenty-five years old, he was admitted to the bar. He was in partnership with Mr. Yandes until 1860.

When the civil war broke out Mr. Hines enlisted as a private in Company H, Eleventh Regiment, for the three months' service. He was at once promoted to be second sergeant and in four weeks was made an orderly, and soon after Aid-de-camp on General Morris's staff. The three months was passed in a brilliant campaign in West Virginia. He had charge of the cipher dispatches and was entrusted with the most important secret information. He was next major of the Twenty-fourth Indiana Regiment, and experienced hard campaigning in Missouri. In March, 1862, he was made colonel of the Fifty-seventh Indiana Regiment, known as the "Preachers' regiment." He found the men devoid of discipline or military training, and for a time was unpopular with them because he insisted on their obeying orders and conforming to military rules. Afterward, when it came to hard service, the regiment realized the value of the colonel's discipline and he became a most esteemed and trusted commander.

An illustration of the looseness which prevailed in the regiment when Colonel Hines took it is seen in the following anecdote: A soldier had deliberately disobeyed a rule of the regiment.

"Put that man in the guard-house for twenty-four hours," commanded the Colonel.

"Why, jedge, you don't mean it, do you?" remarked the offender, calmly.

"Increase the time to forty-eight hours," said the Colonel, grimly. The man was locked up for two days and was a stickler for rules thereafter.

At the battle of Stone River Colonel Hines was badly wounded by a six-pound cannon ball, and for two years afterward could walk only with crutches. In 1863 he resigned from the army, disabled, and it was not until 1865 that he could resume the practice of law. In 1866 he was elected Circuit Judge of Marion, Hendricks, Morgan and Johnson counties. In 1870 he became a member of the law firm of Porter, Harrison & Hines. In 1887 Judge Hines resigned from the firm, which at that that time was Harrison, Hines & Miller, to take charge of the estates of two deceased brothers. This compelled him to remove to New York, where he has since resided. He owns the old Fletcher homestead at Ludlow, Vt., and a few days ago went to it for a rest and hunt.

Judge Hines has been twice married. His first wife was Maria, daughter of Calvin Fletcher. She died, leaving one child, Fletcher, who lives in this city. The second wife, who is childless, was Lucy Fletcher, sister to Maria.

J. H. Ross Stricken.

J. H. Ross, an old citizen, the former owner of the Ross Block, now Bryan Block, at the southwest corner of Market street and the Circle, is suffering from a stroke of paralysis at his home, 246 North Illinois street. His illness is probably fatal.

SOBER CHRISTMASES

Spent by Members of the Murphy League—Words of Testimony.

The attendance at the Murphy meeting in Y. M. C. A. Hall last night was not large, owing to the many Christmas Eve attractions elsewhere, but it was a meeting full of good spirit and a success.

Mr. Murphy referred to the season as the "most sacred time of the year, the time when our hearts are made better." Rev. Elijah P. Brown, editor of the Ram's Horn, made an earnest prayer, which was followed by the testimony of a number of members of the Murphy League. Henry Pontius said he had kept his pledge since he signed it two years ago. John Langdon had been discharged from a position four years ago with the statement that never, under any circumstances, would he be reinstated. He had kept the pledge two years and now had his old place. A. Schiffling had kept the pledge two years and met with much opposition among his German friends. One had told him it was a disgrace for a German to join such a movement.

Mr. Sauley and Mr. Bailey spoke, and James Fleming said this would be his second sober Christmas. He thought the old saying should be changed to read: "When Mr. Murphy comes in at the door poverty flies out of the window."

John Goetz, a former saloon-keeper, had come to the meeting to sign the pledge. "I'll tie on the blue ribbon," cried Mr. Murphy. "I can't do any better work than that."

Jacob Blume, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., when called upon, told of the death yesterday afternoon of William Huntsucker at Dr. Fletcher's sanitarium of apoplexy, brought about by several weeks of drunkenness. He had signed the pledge Monday evening.

Dr. A. J. Smith then came forward, made an appropriate speech, and presented Mr. Murphy, in the names of James and William Martin and Charles Sauley, a gold-headed cane. Mr. Murphy appeared dumfounded. "I do declare! I do declare!" he said. "I didn't expect to be caned in this way. I had no thought of anything like this being in the house at the time. How did you get it in without my seeing it?" He then expressed his hearty thanks.

An appeal for pledge signers closed the meeting. The meetings will continue to-night and the remainder of the week. Sunday night a mass-meeting will be held in Tomlinson Hall.

HUNTSUCKER'S TRAGIC DEATH.

A Former State Senate Employe Dies Penitent After a Long Debauch.

W. B. Huntsucker's life came to a tragic end at Dr. W. B. Fletcher's sanitarium yesterday afternoon. Mr. Huntsucker was a well-known citizen of Seymour, Jackson county, where an interesting family mourns his death. He was employed with R. D. Litchfield & Co., nurserymen, of Rochester, N. Y. Two weeks ago he came to Indianapolis and began drinking heavily. Tuesday night he wandered into the Y. M. C. A. building, where Francis Murphy was holding a meeting, and expressed a desire to sign the pledge. His condition was such that he needed treatment, and Dr. Fletcher took him to his home. While apparently in an improved condition, yesterday afternoon he was stricken with apoplexy, and died immediately. His remains were shipped to Seymour to-day. Mr. Huntsucker was employed by the State Senate two years ago as an assistant engrossing clerk. He was quite well known among politicians, and was very well-to-do financially. It is known that he had a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar check when he came to the city a couple of weeks ago. He had in past years been given to sprees, but at the Y. M. C. A. rooms day before yesterday bitterly regretted his condition. He told the secretary that he had not been drunk for several years, and that he had taken his last drink.

BOUGHT ON SPECULATION.

Receiver Henning Fears the Car Works Will Not be Reopened.

The purchasers of the Indianapolis Car Manufacturing Company's plant are not making any preparations to start the factory again. The six hundred men who were thrown out of employment when the concern closed have been forced to look elsewhere for work, or have had to remain idle. The unmarried men have nearly all left the city, and many of those who have families, and have purchased homes near the factory, have gone to other cities in search of employment. The closing down of the works has caused regret in a good many homes in West Indianapolis and in the city proper.

"I do not think the purchasers have any idea of operating the factory," said receiver Henning to-day. "I think they bought the plant as a speculation. It is all right to speculate in peanuts and some other things, but I don't think this plant should be made the object of speculation. There is no reason why the factory should not be operated. A man, or a company, can take charge of the factory and make $100,000 a year without extra exertion."

AWARDED $13,000.

Largest Special Verdict on Record in a Damage Suit for Injuries.

A jury in Judge Taylor's room last evening returned a special verdict for the largest sum ever awarded in the Marion Superior Court in a damage suit for personal injuries. The jury said Frank Uebelacker was entitled to recover $13,000 from the C., C., C. & St. L. Railroad Company. Mr. Uebelacker asked for $20,000. He was a driver for the Indianapolis Brewing Company. While crossing the C., C., C. & St. L. track on Market street his wagon was struck by a train, and he received injuries, which, it was alleged on trial, will leave him a cripple for life. Mr. Uebelacker's case was in the hands of attorneys Ayres & Harvey, and the railroad was represented by Baker & Daniels.

The verdict, being a special one, is subject to the approval of Judge Taylor, who must sustain it or set it aside on the law applied to the facts of the finding. Whatever Judge Taylor may hold, the case will go to the Supreme Court by way of general term.

VIADUCT ORDINANCE ACCEPTED.

Mr. Ingalls, After Much Leisurely Waiting, Decides in Haste.

The Virginia-avenue viaduct ordinance has been accepted. The 11:30 o'clock train from Cincinnati last night brought to Col. D. F. Whitcomb, superintendent of the Union Railway Company the following:

CINCINNATI, O., December 24.

Mr. E. B. Swift, City Clerk, City of Indianapolis:

DEAR SIR—You are hereby notified in accordance with the twelfth clause of general ordinance No. 62, 1890, a certified copy of which you have furnished, that the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railway Company, by its president, M. E. Ingalls, does hereby accept said ordinance this 24th day of December, 1890.

The Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railway Company.

By M. E. INGALLS, President.

Colonel Whitcomb immediately delivered the letter of acceptance, aroused the Clerk's deputies, and before midnight the document was on file in the City Clerk's office.

Drunken Row Ends in Murder.

[Special to The Indianapolis News.]

SHOALS, December 25.—There was a drunken row last night in front of the Nolan Bros'. saloon at Loogootee, a town eight miles distant, and during the fight a revolver was fired, the bullet going through the window into the saloon. Immediately three of the Nolan boys began firing their revolvers through the window at the crowd on the outside, and a bullet from Peter Nolan's weapon struck Nicholas O'Brien, aged nineteen, in the temple, killing him instantly. O'Brien was simply watching the fight. Two of the Nolan boys were arrested, but the other fled.

Future of the Denison House.

The papers have been signed for the lease of the New-Denison hotel to C. W. Shepherd, of New York. Mr. Shepherd will take charge of the hotel January 1. It is his intention, he says, to make it one of the best hotels in the country. In the spring Mr. Martindale will build an Ohio-street addition to the structure, which will add forty rooms. The report that the hotel property has been sold and that Mr. Martindale will take cash and a Meridian-street residence in exchange, is denied.

Indiana Stone Fields.

The development of the Indiana stone fields continues. To-day the Union Stone Company, of Bedford, was incorporated, with a capital stock of $150,000. Thomas V. Thornton, H. H. Walls, E. N. Lessey, C. C. Chandler and E. W. Walls are the directors. The McCrea Refrigerator and Cold Storage Company, of Kendallville, capital stock $50,000, was also incorporated to-day.

INDIVIDUAL MENTION.

Harlan W. Craft, of St. Paul, Minn., and Ernest H. Craft, of Chicago, are spending the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Craft.

Tom Newkirk and Charles E. Crawley, candidates for clerk and assistant clerk, respectively, of the lower house of the Legislature, are in the city.

Secretary Smith, of the Charity Organization Society, has received a cable message announcing the death of his youngest sister at her home in Edinburg, Scotland.

Miss Maggie Johns and Will D. McGuire, junior editor of the Zionsville (Ind.) Times were married last night at the home of the bride's mother, 30 North East street.

Senator Daniel W. Voorhees arrived from Washington and spent last night at the Grand Hotel. He left this morning for a several days' visit to his mother at Veedersburg.

Miss Sadie Richardson and J. R. Meredith were married at the home of the bride, 109 North New Jersey street, last night, Rev. W. H. Craig, of New Bethel, officiating. They will make their home in Chicago.

That portion of a long-suffering community who have been compelled to receive letters which they were never able to read from W. P. Fishback and Revs. McCulloch and Milburn will be delighted to learn that these talented gentlemen have been prevailed upon to take a course of penmanship at one of the business universities and that they have consented to attend the evening sessions three times a week.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

The annual meeting of the Indiana College Association will be held at the New-Denison next Monday and Tuesday.

The constitutional meeting of Adoniram Grand Lodge, Scottish Rite, will be held on next Saturday evening, followed by the annual election of officers of Saraiah Council.

A MERRY WHITE XMAS.

SLEIGH-BELLS AND ALL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE DAY.

Santa Claus Multiplied Himself Last Night a Thousand Fold—Exercises and Incidents of the Great Holiday Season.

Sleigh-bells and falling snow. These have come to make the Christmas weather perfect. Could anything have been more delightfully arranged than this holiday weather? Candy and toy men are smiling the smile which accompanies plethoric pocketbooks. Dry, cold weather without mud and rain, except on one day, has encouraged shoppers, and an immense trade resulted. The children and the women have been enabled to get about with the utmost freedom and trade has "boomed."

H. N. Hall, superintendent of the Lewis-Porter Cabinet Company, was given a gold-headed cane by employes. At Lewis Meier & Co.'s clothing factory tickets to the matinee were distributed and Annie Klusman was given a bracelet by the girls of her department. Rudolph Thiecke, foreman at Holliday & Wyon's, was given a badge by his associates yesterday afternoon. Turkeys were distributed among employes, and this is the way things were all over the city.

The hotels are almost deserted of transient customers. At leading hotels there are, perhaps, a dozen commercial travelers who were unable to get home. Special Christmas dinners were served at all the hotels, and many invited guests sat down to the feast.

A custom observed at some of the hotels is to seat whole families, regular boarders, at tables apart from other guests. This gives the dinner a "family" effect, and is quite Bellamy in purpose.

One of the most joyful gatherings around a hotel table was at the Bates House, where the fourteen members of the "City Directory" company sat down to a feast. The members of the company had many reasons to be merry. In the first place it is their business, and in the next they have been feeling a constant stream of gold dollars pour into their pockets since they started on the road.

Landlord Reibold, of the Bates, according to his custom, went from the cellar to the top floor of his hotel this morning, carrying a large tray with nothing on it but gold; and there wasn't a single piece of gold on it that wasn't worth $5, and a good many pieces were worth twice that much. And there wasn't an employe, high or low, black or white, that Mr. Reibold didn't hold out the tray before. Each one lowered the "pile." The Grand also remembered its employes.

From a desire to get more of entertainment than can be crowded into twenty-four hours, people have invented various devices for extending Christmas festivities over two or three days. Especially are Sunday-schools experts at that kind of thing. The season of festive cheer accordingly got well started last night.

At Christ Church a curtain was drawn aside, and disclosed to a crowd of enthusiastic children and almost as enthusiastic grown people a handsome tree, bearing a rich fruitage of presents. There were recitations by little people and speeches by larger ones, and finally the tree was plucked and the crop distributed.

At Hall-place Methodist Church there was a stage performance which represented a visit to Santa Claus at his home at the north pole by a delegation of Sunday-school officers. Santa was awakened from a deep sleep, and after the case had been fairly put before him he consented to give the children of the school presents, which he forthwith proceeded to do, pleasantly ignoring minor questions of distance, transportation, etc.

At Tabernacle Church the entertainment may be spoken of as a medley. A prolific tree, stereopticon views, music, both vocal and instrumental; tableaux representing Christmas in various countries, and other interesting things amused a large and very jolly crowd of young and old.

To-night other Sunday-schools will celebrate and even to-morrow night some will commemorate the joyful season. The school of the First Baptist Church will give an entertainment which it promises will be worth attending to-morrow evening.

At the Third Christian Church last night the theory was practiced that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," but it chanced that after the children and the school had contributed to the needy, something in turn was given them. Santa Claus and his wife were present and the good saint invited everybody present to eat ice cream and cake with him. Miss Grace Black, organist, was presented with a watch and a well-filled purse.

Little girls, dressed in white, with angelic faces and wings, were conspicuous in the cantata "Frost Queen," given last night at Mayflower Church. There was the usual distribution of good things, and the entertainment held a very large audience until quite a late hour.

The Mayflower Sunday-school gave their Christmas entertainment to the children last night. A prominent feature of the exercises was a cantata rendered by a number of the children, Santa Claus himself taking a part in the music. A tree handsomely decorated and the distribution of presents were other features which made the occasion a very happy one.

Christmas services were held in the Episcopal churches this morning.

She Slapped His Beery Face.

There are many young women employed down town who have complaints to make of insults that are daily offered them by men upon the streets. The other day a young woman employed with the Helms Manufacturing Company set an example that other women might well follow. A bar-tender in a West Washington street saloon persisted in annoying her on the street, and meeting him in front of the Bates House she slapped his face—and slapped it hard.

Judgment on Gravel Road Bonds.

An agreed judgment in favor of Charles H. Payson for $2,963.82, and the York County Savings Bank for $5,634.95, was rendered in the federal court yesterday afternoon against the commissioners of Jay county. The judgments were on gravel road bonds held by the plaintiffs.

ON THE RIALTO.

School-building No. 17 was entered by thieves and some of the Christmas "goodies" taken from pupils' desks.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to pass a one-dollar bill raised to a ten on Max Groesbeck, of No. 320 East Washington street, last night.

While Father Schidler, of St. Mary's Catholic Church, was conducting mass this morning, a thief robbed the parsonage of a silver watch and $19.

While Mrs. O. C. Mathews, of 271 Virginia avenue, was standing at the corner of Washington and Meridian streets at noon, a pickpocket stole her purse.

Doorman Al Taffe, of the central police station, received a charming gift this morning. Mrs. Taffe presented him with a handsome son—just the image of its proud papa.

J. W. Johnson wants to match William Tuller, the champion colored light-weight of Indiana, against any one-hundred-and-thirty-pound fighter in the State. He will give or take five pounds.

Patrolman Weirick arrested another of the gang of colored foot-pads last night. He seized George Brown, and that individual this morning waived a preliminary hearing and was held in $500 bonds.

CHEZ LES PARISIENS.

FRENCH IDIOMS, BRITISH IDIOSYNCRASIES, AMERICAN IDIOTS.

Notes of a Hoosier's Holiday Abroad—The "Idiots" are Those Who Scatter Money Recklessly and Demoralize the Market.

[Correspondence of The Indianapolis News.]

PARIS, November 28.—Time—10:30 a. m. Scene—A private parlor in the Hotel Athenee, Paris. Persons—the various members of the De Suddenriche family, laying out their itinerary for the day. De Suddenriche, Sr., had the honor to be a hog-driver in his youth, later a pork packer in the flush times and finally a lucky speculator in Minnesota town sites. He has, as becomes his new position in society, brought his family on the foreign tour, and preparatory thereto has learned "French Without a Master; in Six Easy Lessons." His youngest son is turning over the leaves of one of those ponderous "albums" found in all European hotel parlors, and the father is explaining the titles according to his lights.

THE OSTENTATIOUS AMERICAN AND THE CABBY.

"Papa, what is this—the B-o-i-s d-e B-o-u-)-o-g-n-e?"

"Why, that means the boy with a bologna—don't you see him there a-eatin' it?"

"Oh, yes; and this (spelling it out)—Rue de Henri Quatre?"

"Yes, my son, that's pronounced 'Hongree Kat,' and means the street of hungry rats—we'll go down there an' see 'em some day."

"And this—'Louis Quatorze?'"

"Loose Kahtors—well, that's Little Louie and his cart-horse. See 'em there in the corner?"

"Look at these little heads, and under 'em it says 'Seraphin Bulle.'"

"Yes, them's the bully seraphim—them stone things they put on monnyments."

"And here's a great big wine store with men or somethin' in it, and it has a sign of 'Les Sept Freres'" (the seven brothers).

"That—well, lemme see it—oh, yes; them's the twelve apostles."

"But, papa, they aren't but seven of 'em."

"Oh, yes—well—ah—er—um—that cuts no figure. The other five's gone inside to take a drink."

The foregoing (alleged) conversation not only serves to amuse the Americans in Paris, but illustrates the difficulty persons in middle life experience in grappling with the language. I learned it young and then forgot most of it; now that I am resurrecting it I note a hundred absurdities I never thought of in my school days. What, for instance, could be more absurd than the so-called "grammatical gender," in which there is no neuter and all sexless things are divided between male and female?

My pen is feminine, but the wooden penholder is masculine; the knife masculine, the fork feminine; the paper and ink masculine, and so on all around the table, that being feminine. And as far as I can see, there is nothing at all in the way of natural analogy to guide the learner. What blunders we Americans must make! And if the Parisians were not the most delightful hypocrites in the world how they would laugh at us. But they don't; even over the worst blunders their smiling comment is, "Tres bien, monsieur; tres bien, vous avez la vraie, Parisienne," etc., etc. It's all a lie, and I know it; but then it sounds nice. True it is that the sun is he and the moon she; a ship, a nation or a fine work of art (generally) is she, and a few more things seem a trifle reasonable, for we use them the same way; but in the line of pronunciation, what do you think of this:

"Qu'est-ce qu'est cela?" That's pronounced "Keskyslah" (meaning, "What is that?"), and a new man in Paris has to use it about a hundred times a day. Now, I have had a very strange mental experience. In the telling it does not amount to much, but I feel that if I could give the exact experience to some professed student of psychology he could make much out of it—perhaps prove the assertion, often made and oftener denied, that we never really forget; that the only difference between a man with a good memory and one with a bad one is that the former has a certain sensitiveness in the brain fibre which makes any suggestion call up the related facts lying away back in the lumber room of memory.

When I began to pick up French phrases here and there I had not the slightest recollection of ever having heard most of them. All at once, however, on the second days old recollections began to pop up from the most unexpected places in the obscure background of consciousness. It seemed as if some great screen had actually been pulled away from a private room in the brain, a room I had totally forgotten that I owned, and that out of it, singly at first and then in great troops, came old sentences, and with them a perfect recollection of the circumstances under which I had first mastered them. I recalled the very day on which we had recited the particular sentences in class thirty years ago, and later the occasions on which I had put the sentences to use, and it was really wonderful to notice how the old phrases and odd idioms marched forward and fell into their proper places, like well-drilled soldiers. It was a very curious experience, but I fear the philosophy of it would be tedious.

Paris was always gay in the summer, and the Americans, of whom several thousand are then there, are the gayest of all. There is an impression among those who serve—strong in England and much stronger in France—that every American who comes over has his clothes just padded with money, and is burning with anxiety to spend it; and I must say that most Americans aid the illusion. It's all very well, perhaps, for them to scatter their own money as freely as they please, but they demoralize the market for their countrymen who are not so well "heeled." For instance, the regular cab fare "within bounds" is a franc and a half (a fraction less than thirty cents), with a "pour boire" to the driver of three or four cents, and Englishmen pay that and no more. But the ostentatious American generally tosses the driver a five-franc piece and does not stop for change; and so the American who can not pay so recklessly is scowled upon.

Much is said of the cheapness with which one can live in the quiet parts of Paris, and one can live at little cost if he is extremely careful of the "extras." But there is where the trouble comes in—one never really knows how much he is contracting for. The charges at the hotel may be printed ever so conspicuously in his room, but when he leaves the porter must have at least half a franc for one night's lodging, and two or three others half a franc a piece. There is a charge for candles and sometimes for matches, and if a single glass of wine is taken, the bill contains a charge for a bottle. If one does not study the bill of fare very carefully he is likely to order something which is marked "extra"—and so it goes all around.

I paid three francs a day for a large and very nice room up two pairs of stairs; a light breakfast of bread, butter and coffee, with two eggs, cost me a franc and a half, and for my "second breakfast," as they call it, and my dinner from two francs up. So one can live very well indeed for twelve francs a day in Paris, but, ah! those terrible "extras." One is laying himself liable every minute without knowing it unless he is on guard. Pour boire literally means "for to drink," and if the cabbies, porters, etc., really drink to the value of the pour boires they receive in a day they must go to bed in a thoroughly demoralized condition.

And this leads me on to speak of work and wages, about which I have found it difficult to get exact facts; for in France as in England there so many qualifying circumstances and the usual extras. I find, however, that a common laborer thinks himself fairly well paid at 3 francs a day, and a chambermaid at 10 francs a week—both being, perhaps, 20 per cent. below London wages. The stone and bricklayers receive 6 to 8 francs a day, and the attendant boys, who appear to be on the jump from morning till night, a franc and a half. I had the pleasure one day of spending some hours in the immense establishment of Revillon Brothers, which is, I am told, the largest fur dressing and trimming establishment in Europe—a statement I could well believe when I saw the two enormous warehouses packed with valuable furs. In one suite of rooms, hanging so thickly that one could barely squeeze through the narrow passages, were many thousand sealskin cloaks, astrakhans and still finer coverings, the value being put by the clerk at 1,000,000 francs (about $200,000.)

In this establishment the lowest wages were paid, of course, to the girls, the plain stitchers receiving 2 francs a day, and the highest, 12 francs a day, to the skilled trimmers and dressers. Taste sells well in France. Anyone with special skill in colors is sure of a good salary. It is both amusing and pleasing to observe how this artistic sense in the people breaks out in most unexpected places—in the arrangement of vegetables and meat in the markets, in the way the billets of wood are stacked in the fuel stores, in the cute little flowerpots in all the odd corners, and even in the few cuspidors in public resorts, the fine white sand in them being heaped in a little pyramid or imprinted with the form of a flower.

Despite their low wages the laboring people present a very gay and animated appearance on holidays (including Sundays), and this was especially noticeable on a recent review day. Early that morning the schoolboys in uniform were paraded and reviewed in front of the Hotel de Ville. I found it impossible to get within a hundred yards of a view of the main parade. The papers say that 60,000 well-drilled troops were reviewed that afternoon—in the plain a few miles below the city—but I doubt it.

I am sure I have seen much finer work done by our State militia and G. A. R. veteran "reunion." I saw the president, or the man that they said was he. I "saw" his address, as I did that of President Grant at our centennial opening—that is, I looked over about forty acres of people, and saw a man moving his head and arms as if he meant something. But all the rest of the show was indeed enlivening—the long, long festoons of brilliant lights on the Champs Elysees; the illuminated fountains, the revolving lights and showers of pyrotechnics in the Bois de Boulogne, the white blaze from all the towers and the tens of thousands of people parading the well-lighted streets, laughing, drinking wine and singing the national songs. Even a newly-arrived American could share in the popular enthusiasm.

J. H. BEADLE.

JUDGE BROWN'S VALOR.

The New Supreme Court Justice Once Killed a Burglar.

[Washington special Chicago Herald.]

A characteristic story of Judge Brown was related by Senator McMillan this afternoon. Some years ago Judge Brown built a new house. The workmen, in a way workmen have, pottered about until at last in desperation Judge Brown determined to occupy the house, although the men were still at work. The first night he slept there he was awakened some time after he had gone to bed by finding a man in the room with a crape mask over his face and a revolver in his hand. The burglar told the Judge that he wanted his valuables, and asked him where they were kept. The Judge was very cool, and with a good deal of indifference told his midnight visitor where the plate and other things of value were. Meanwhile the burglar was putting in his time to good advantage, and appropriating all the personal property in reach. Near the head of the bed was a small table, in a drawer of which was a loaded revolver and a watch which had been given to the Judge by his father.

While Judge Brown was lying in his bed and the burglar was roaming round the room he caught sight of a piece of jewelry on the bureau, and to get possession of it he turned his back to the man he was robbing. This was the Judge's opportunity. Quick as a flash he put his hand in the drawer and pulled out the revolver, and, without a moment's warning, fired at the burglar. Brown and the thief gave a simultaneous yell, and the robber fled. Judge Brown jumped out of bed and ran after him, still holding the revolver in his hand. At the foot of the stairs the burglar turned and fired. Judge Brown, who was coming down the stairs, promptly returned the fire, and the two men stood there and blazed away at each other until their revolvers were empty. The noise of the firing brought out the neighbors, but the burglar escaped. A search showed that he had been wounded, as there were marks of blood, but Judge Brown had escaped without a scratch. A little later the man was captured, and he was so badly wounded that he died. So Justice Brown, like the new Senator from South Carolina, has killed his man.

SHOT ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Three Persons Injured, Through Accident or Malice.

Last night an unknown person fired a pistol bullet through the window of Bartlett Finley's second-hand store, on Indiana avenue. The ball struck the ceiling, and bounding hit Mr. Finley on the head. The injury was slight.

Miss Sarah Washington gave a soiree at what is known by the police at Mince Meat hall, last night. The elite of Sligo, Hog Wallow, Bucktown and other localities was present. As might be expected, a row occurred, and two fellows were thrown down stairs. One of the men, supposed to be Samuel Murphy, drew a pistol and fired into the ball-room. George Washington was shot in the leg and Maggie Murray in the arm. The officers are looking for Murphy.

Herman Rademacher, a thirteen-year-old boy, who lives at the extreme south end of Gresham street, was shot this morning. He was standing near a window, dressing for church. A bullet from a Winchester rifle struck him under the left shoulder blade, passed through his body, coming out through his right breast. Dr. Harberlin, who is attending him, does not believe the wound fatal, but it is of a very serious nature. A hunter, who doubtless fired the shot, was seen running away after the shot was fired. The police think he lives on Shelby street. It is believed that the shooting was an accident, due to carelessness.

Happy Close of a Romance.

When Maggie Owens gave her hand and heart to Charles H. Richards last night at the comfortable home of patrolman Dave Richards, beneath the mistletoe bough, a romance was ended and real life begun. Charles and Maggie were lovers, but her parents opposed the match. She left home and went to work as a domestic. Once he was arrested for abduction, but on trial he was acquitted and still refused to tell the whereabouts of his lady love. Charles is foreman of the finishing department at Stechhan's lounge factory, and has earned a nice property and home ready for his faithful sweetheart. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Hall, in the presence of a number of guests. Many presents were given the young couple.

FATE OF A CONVICT SHIP.

THE PRISONERS CAPTURE THE VESSEL AND KILL THE OFFICERS.

The Captors Run Up a Black Flag and Become Pirates, but They Make a Fatal Mistake in the Matter of Identity.

[New York Sun.]

In these days in England, when a prisoner receives a sentence to prison it means fair living, a moderate daily task, letters once a month, and visits now and then from friends. He is therefore quite satisfied—as satisfied as one who loses his liberty can be.

In former years, before penal colonies were abandoned, transportation meant everything that was vile, vicious and horrible. A man would have done better to die before going aboard the ship which was to convey him to Australia, and a great many did commit suicide. It meant in every sense of the word that the man was to be used as a dumb brute of the lowest order. He was to be underfed, overworked, kicked, cuffed, flogged and driven to some overt act for which he could be shot down. The idea was to strike terror to the heart of the criminal classes, but it acted just to the contrary. Although the courts inflicted the severest sentences, crime steadily increased. I did not set out to discuss the policy, however, but tell you an adventure.

When fifty or more convicts were ready for Botany Bay the government would hire a sailing vessel to transport them. I have seen them go in fifties and I have seen 215 on board one ship. A transport ship was fitted up between decks as a prison, the space being divided off by iron gratings, and every twenty men were in charge of a captain—one of their own number. The lot were in charge of a surgeon appointed by the government to go with the ship. In all matters affecting the convicts every man on the ship was bound to obey the surgeon. The crew had muskets and cutlasses dealt out to them, and a certain number had to stand guard as the various gangs were brought on deck to be exercised. If the surgeon was a thorough man he got his "consignment" through in good order, but if he was not, there was sure to be an outbreak of malignant type which sometimes carried off half the lot. I knew one ship to lose forty-seven convicts out of sixty-five, and with them eleven of the crew.

The ship Silver Queen, Captain James, had contracted to carry out 128 Botany Bay convicts, and this was my second year aboard of her as an apprentice. A day or two before we left England I reached my fifteenth year, and was a pretty solid lad for my age. As I remember the lot, about fifty were sentenced for manslaughter, the same number for robbery and burglary, and the others were made up of forgers, embezzlers, incendiaries and so on. There were two in the lot who had escaped from the Bay, and finally found their way back to be recaptured. Taken as a whole, the lot was said to be the worst one ever sent out, and the ship carried an extra officer and four extra hands. The prison part took up one-half of the space between decks. Every morning and evening, when the weather would permit, twenty men at a time were allowed to come up for ten minutes' exercise. There were six gangs, and every man of them had leg chains on. There were temporary ladders to descend through the hatches, and at the foot of each ladder was a pen in which a sentinel was stationed day and night. Thus the convicts were ever under a watchful eye.

Boy like, my sympathies were with the convicts. No matter what they had done, the idea that they were going to a living death settled the matter with me. The discipline of the ship was very strict, but I found several opportunities to show my good will. When on duty below I passed them tobacco, gave them the news from above, and winked at their disobedience of rules. Every convict gang had its leader. The leader of this one was a man named Harry Small—one of the escaped Botany Bays, who was being returned. He was a quiet fellow, intelligent and crafty, and when he saw that I leaned his way, he one day asked me for pencil and paper. I gave them to him, and he wrote a note which I afterward delivered to a sailor before the mast. I did all this out of pure sympathy, having not the slightest idea that there was any wrong in it.

Nothing whatever occurred on the voyage to the Cape of Good Hope. All the officers were agreeably disappointed in the behavior of the convicts, which was so exemplary that not a man had been flogged or imprisoned in the black hole. I heard our captain say that it was almost as fine as making a regular voyage out. I said nothing whatever occurred. I meant among the convicts. It afterward transpired that there was an excitement among the crew forward. The sailor to whom I had delivered the note had secretly declared to his mates that the surgeon had predicted an outbreak of fever after leaving the cape. The consequence was that seven of them deserted at Cape Town, and the same number of new hands were shipped. I could never see where the sailor had any hand in it, but we certainly lost by the exchange. We lost seven Englishmen, while those who filled their places were Portuguese and half breed Dutchmen, and as dirty a set as you ever saw aboard a ship.

In leaving the cape we stood to the southeast for a hundred miles, and then laid the course straight for Point Davey, on the southernmost end of Tasmania Land, this course being only two points from due east. In this run, clear across the Indian ocean, we should pass a hundred miles to the south of the island of St. Paul. That and Amsterdam island are the only two within 500 miles of the course.

I was on guard below for four hours every other day. On each occasion Small asked me for the run of the ship. I could nearly always give it to him, as I heard it from some of the officers. We had been out a week when he asked me about the island of St. Paul. I had an old chart on which it was put down as uninhabited. He asked how close we would run to it, and that I find out, if possible, when we were at the nearest point. Had I been older I should not have been deceived. I was only a lad—and a green one at that—and, as I told you before, I felt a deep sympathy for the convicts.

It was on a Tuesday night that I overheard the captain say to the surgeon that if the wind held we would be opposite St. Paul by noon the next day. The wind did hold, and at 10 o'clock next forenoon I went on duty below, and at once gave Small the news. It was just an hour later when a fight broke out among the men and there was a row to disturb the whole ship. The orders of the officers were set at defiance, and, as a consequence, when they did succeed in commanding obedience, it was deemed best to do some flogging to overawe the convicts. Four men, who were supposed to be ringleaders, were singled out, the entire lot were mustered on deck, and pretty soon No. 1 was lashed up to the gratings for punishment. The first blow struck was a signal, and every convict uttered a shout and sprang for a weapon. It was a complete surprise to the officers, but it was quickly seen that there was also a conspiracy. Not one of the seven new sailors would fire a shot, and the guns of four or five others were found to have been tampered with. The fight lasted about ten minutes, during which time the surgeon, first and second mates and three hands were killed. In return they killed seven of the convicts. I had no hand in the row. At the very first go off some one struck me in the neck and knocked me flat and unconscious, and when I came to the convicts had the ship. I have reason to believe I was placed hors de combat that I might not be hurt during the row.

Well, as I said, the thing had been done by the time I got my senses back, and the convict gang was wild with exultation. The rougher portion demanded that every one who was not with them should be butchered, but Small and three or four lieutenants put them down. I think the first idea of the convicts was to go ashore at St. Paul, having previously scuttled the ship, but this gave place to another plan. The third mate or bo'sun agreed to cast in his lot with the convicts. The captain, carpenter, sailmaker and six or seven hands got no choice. The long boat was lowered, provided with sail, oars, food and water, and the men I have named were sent adrift without being harmed. By a pocket compass which one of them carried they steered a course for the island and landed there two days later, but were on it six months before being taken off. I wanted to go with them, but Small refused me permission, saying I had been so kind to him that he felt it his duty to reward me. All the others also spoke very kindly to me, and I had the mortification of realizing that I was the cat's paw by which they had taken possession of the ship. Before going away the captain sought to argue with the men, telling them what the consequences of their act would be, but he was hooted at. Indeed, but for Small he would never have been allowed to go off in the boat.

As soon as the longboat had left us and the dead had been thrown overboard, Small called all the people together and made a speech. He appointed his officers, stated that he proposed to steer to the north, and that every one aboard could consider himself a pirate and be hanged to him. The men cheered again and again, and by an hour after meridian everything was running smoothly. Small enforced the strictest discipline, and the two or three convicts who growled about it were knocked down with promptness and vigor. I was assigned to the cabin to wait on the captain, and our cook and steward had to do duty as before. Small knew something of navigation, and he had some smart sailors with him. He had a whole ocean to himself, and the chart showed him that the nearest land to the north, after passing St. Paul and Amsterdam, was the Chagos Archipelago, in the Indian Ocean.

For the next twelve days little happened of interest. Then one day, about noon, we sighted a Dutch brig on her way out from Java. The sailmaker had manufactured a very fair piratical flag, and this was immediately run up and of course changed to cut the stranger off. When signalled to heave to he lost no time, being scared half to death. He had a crew of seven men, and no resistance was offered. Small sent a boat-load of armed men to take possession, and as it happened to fall calm soon after the crafts drifted together, they were lashed in that position for the next thirty hours. The brig was full of coffee and spices. Small took what he wanted out of her and then scuttled her, while her crew were sent adrift in their own yawl. Had the brig been new or a better sailer a part of our large force would have seized her as a tender. Some of our men were for killing all the Dutchmen, but Small decided otherwise. He was a man averse to bloodshed when it could be avoided.

During the next two weeks we sighted only two sail, and they were far distant. I think it was on the twenty-ninth day after the capture of the ship, and we were well up to the Chagos, when a sail was made out on our port quarter. This was about 9 o'clock in the morning, and a man sent aloft declared her to be an Indiaman. The regular track of those vessels was to the west of Madagascar, up the Mozambique channel; but this one might be going to call at some of the eastern islands. No sooner was her character made out than all was rejoicing and excitement on board our ship. The arms were got out, grog served to the men, and everybody was impatient for the Indiaman to come on. She came pacing along at a good gait, the wind being fair, and she was within half a mile of us when Small hoisted the black flag and signalled her to heave to. This was hardly accomplished when a dozen men cried out in chorus that the strangea was not an Indiaman at all, but a corvette, and a moment later she flew French colors and began to drop her gun-port covers.

For the next five minutes confusion reigned supreme on our decks. Then Small hauled down the black flag and hoisted the English colors and dipped them in compliment, but the Frenchman could see over a hundred men running about on our decks, and he knew that something was wrong. He came racing up, and passed us close enbugh to hail and ask what was the trouble. Small answered him that we were an emigrant ship, and that the black flag was a joke.

The corvette ran ahead, luffed up and fired a gun for us to heave to. Small ordered all sail to be set, but the men were hardly aloft before the corvette sent a solid shot over us and brought Small to his senses. As soon as our headway was checked an armed boat's crew came aboard, and the fact that we were a convict ship was at once apparent. Half our number were transferred to the corvette, and twenty-five Frenchmen put aboard of the Queen, and thus convoyed the latter returned to Cape Town. The cook, steward and myself were exonerated from all blame when put on trial, Small and five others were hanged, and every other man whose sentence had been less than life had it extended.

THE RECORD EXCEEDED.

More People Travelling than Ever Before on Indianapolis Lines.

The railroads yesterday had the heaviest travel ever known in one day at this time of the year. On the Pennsylvania lines one train had 800 passengers, the J., M. & I. local had 735, and the Indianapolis & Vincennes 500. The Big Four beat all previous records. On the Chicago and Cincinnati Division two trains averaged 400 each, two averaged 475 each, two 650 each, and the train between Lafayette and Cincinnati 785. On the Indianapolis division one train had 528, another 673, three 230 each. On the Peoria division two trains had 500 each, another 518, another 471 and two had 240. On the St. Louis division one train had 730, one 586, three 305 each and one 386. The new Monon carried over 1,500, the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Indianapolis 2,800, the Indianapolis, Decatur & Quincy 800 and the Lake Erie & Western about 4,000.

New York Brokers in Bad Business.

[Wash. special Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.]

The recent visit of prominent New York bankers to confer with the President and leading members of Congress is likely to result in a scandal of very considerable proportions. The belief is now strong here in quarters where these brokers' representations were at first accepted in good faith that the visit was only a part of a gigantic speculation. The developments have been such as to make any financial legislation along the lines which were proposed in Congress after this visit extremely improbable.

The Trials of the Colored People.

To the Editor of The Indianapolis News:

Your argument upon the force bill is clear and concise. I do heartily indorse one sentiment aside from all others, that is with regard to the colored man fighting his own battles. The white people of this country were made the white people of this country as a result of persecution. Having been made to suffer hardships, like fiction to us; having grown to millions, were about to continue bowing before crowned despots, but the treatment of George III acted as an unconscious force, mighty in laying the foundation of this Republic. Whether this way of making men be right or not, it seems to be in the plan of Divine providence; we know our progress in the Christian life is by our trials and tribulations. A man becomes strong within by contact with force without; manhood asserts itself against opposition; the sincerity of the framers of the force bill I stop not to question, but if its contents are as you have given them, and I have no reason to doubt that they are, the wisdom of the same men was not far-reaching, of course, considering the bill in so far as it is expected to affect the colored man. The colored man has been made a citizen by bayonet and by legislation; 'tis now left to him to possess his own. Let nothing be thrown around him to shield him from the darts aimed at him to drive him to a sense of his duty. In my travels through the South last summer, I found that many were depending upon and looking to the blue-coat to come again and help them out of the ditch; nor did I see an encouraging number trying to get out themselves. Leave the colored race, as other races, to look to its own resources; or even as the bird which flies from forest to forest, or the wild ass, which gallops from plain to plain, and the Southern intimidator will soon see that the bulldozing he is using to make the negro hate his rights will, instead, make him rise and assert them.

JAS. U. TURNER,
Colored student at DePauw.

Greencastle December 24.

MR. MANSFIELD'S REJOINDER.

He Says He Was Not Correctly Reported, But Still Has Had Enough.

To the Editor of The Indianapolis News:

I have read with much interest and, I may be forgiven for saying, some amusement, the lengthy and very clever editorial in The Indianapolis New, and since there are many Latin quotations in it, you will no doubt understand me when I say that whilst this is all very fine, it is a case of "Parturiunt Montes," and finish the quotation.

The very excellent writer on the Chicago Evening Post, suffered, as many of us have suffered before, and will continue to suffer, from the printer's devil—who left out the explanatory paragraph * * * or the writer on the Evening Post failed to remember correctly what I *did* really say, which is in nowise to be wondered at. Had I made the statement which you quote I should have been guilty, no doubt, both of bad manners and of egotism.

I *did* say that "Beau Brummell" played to mediocre business in Indianapolis, and I did say that the "Broom-maker" played to crowded houses. I stated this in connection with a statement regarding cheap houses and of the great danger their existence creates to the drama in this country. We cannot, as you, sir, suggest, play to cheap prices; indeed, you are of the opinion, I perceive, that twenty-five cents would be a fair price for me to charge for a seat. Perhaps that is very truly all I am worth in Indianapolis. But that is why I cannot afford to come to Indianapolis and which is no loss to Indianapolis. In New York, in Chicago, in Boston, in Philadelphia and other great cities the people are kind enough to pay $2 and $1.50 for a seat, and during my recent engagements in New York and Chicago there was not a night that hundreds were not turned away. I tried very hard indeed to please Indianapolis. I brought with me a most excellent company, composed of men and women, in many instances, of greater reputation and experience than I possess; such a company costs me $2,300 a week. It is evident that we should have to starve in Indianapolis if we sold the best seat for twenty-five cents. But as a matter of fact seats were to be obtained in the theater in which I played at prices to suit all pockets. Yet the people stayed away. Therefore, the people were not pleased with what I offered them, or they preferred "The Broom-maker." It is all a matter of taste. Indianapolis, however, benefits by such visits. We, the actors, bring money from other cities, which we leave with you in the hotels, for, altho' we may not be patronized, we have to pay. In return since we have paid, and not you, you must allow us the small comfort of making the plain matter-of-fact statement that "Beau Brummell" was not as successful in Indianapolis as "The Broom-maker." But I did not say that "The Broom-maker" was a bad play, or that "Beau Brummell" was a better one—for all I know "The Broom-maker" may be most admirable, and I am quite sure that "Beau Brummell" might be better; what I did condemn was the cheap theater and the multiplicity of the theaters in a city where one would be quite sufficient. If, in your pretty city, you had one excellent theater, probably every worthy attraction would do a good business and you could none the less witness every class of entertainment, for one day you might see "The Broom-maker" and the next day grand opera; this day "The Brass Monkey," and the next "Ristori." It is the multiplicity of theatrical houses in the midst of communities which can only support one that is ruining the drama in this country. That is what I did state, and that is what I repeat now. Regarding the unkind things you say about my manners, I am, I confess, a poor, fretful creature, much moved by impulse. I have been buffeted by fortune since a child, and have earned my living by hard work and in many professions since an early age. I have been fifteen years a poor play-actor, and I have starved so often that an empty house frightens me. You are incorrect in stating that I think myself greater than Booth or Jefferson, or Barrett. I have for these men the greatest reverence and affection, and since you have had no opportunity of judging of my sentiments in this regard, your allegations are hasty. I thank you for your kind invitation to return to Indianapolis and to bring my art. I must, however, decline. I feel I should not be understood. You have frightened me away, but you will always have the great men you have named. Your obedient servant,

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Chicago, December 20, 1890.

Though Mr. Mansfield declines our invitation to come again to Indianapolis and bring his art with him, he sends a great deal of it in his letter; and it is delightful, as his art always is. But he will also forgive us we trust, if we too say that we contemplate part of the letter with some amusement. Had we thought that he would have taken that portion of our "very clever editorial," that suggested that to compete with "The Broom-maker," at thirty cents, he should put the price of his performance at "twenty-five cents or four for a $1 in family lots," seriously, we would have "starred" it for a foot-note, which had read, in the language of Artemus Ward, "this is a goak." To see Mr. Mansfield solemnly showing that he could not afford to play for a twenty-five-cent admission is too much for the gravity of even a Scotchman. It was a joke, Mr. Mansfield, a joke intended to show you how you did yourself injustice when you assumed that "Beau Brummell" competed with "The Broom-maker"; that crowded houses at the latter had any relation to sparse houses at the former. To spell it out: They do not appeal to the same people, and hence Indianapolis's half-house patronage of "Beau Brummell" has no relief in the suggestion that it also had "The Broom-maker" to choose from.

Nor does it follow that this scanty patronage shows that the people here were not pleased with what Mr. Mansfield offered. Again he does himself injustice. They were pleased. They recognize in him a great artist, as this paper was glad to bear witness. That they did not patronize him more fully was due to none of the causes that he assigns, but mainly to two, of which he possibly is not aware. (1) He was not popularly widely known; his name has not yet become, as it were, a household word as the names of other great actors have, and as his will if health and strength are given him. (2) At the time of his visit the hight of the social season, absorbed with previous demands, and diverted the attention of a great multitude who are of Mr. Mansfield's natural *clientele*.

To Mr. Mansfield's confession that he has nerves, and that impulse sways him when moods open the gates of memory to fifteen years of fortune's buffets, there is this absolution: happy he who comes through it; then is he like Othello's sword, of "the ice-brook's temper."—Ed. News.]

NEW BOOKS.

IDLE HOURS. By W. DeWitt Wallace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

Captain Wallace is a graceful and pleasing writer, who works not in grooves, but is broad enough to cover many departments of work. It is to his credit that he is an Indianian, and it is to the credit of Indiana that she has a son who can publish such a pleasant book for idle hours. Captain Wallace does not pretend too much, but whenever he aspires to a theme he touches it and with grace in every instance. This Lafayette poet is quite youthful in his use of the rondeau, which somehow or other we have always allied with the younger poets. However, Captain Wallace has the warm blood of youth in his heart, and, like all poets, never grows old. The sonnet, too, is a favorite with this writer, but we prefer his simple lyrics. He paints a picture gracefully, as when he tells of "The Huntress."

> I saw her where the rye had been
> Amid the golden stubble,
> At sunset hour, when hunters win
> Most booty for their trouble.
>
> A stately Grace, round limbed and fair,
> That dazzled each beholder.
> A mass of gold, her glossy hair,
> Loose fell adown her shoulder.

Then follows a little incident which shows that, like Maurice Thompson, Captain Wallace has an interest in field sports of a practical as well as a poetical kind. One of the prettiest of Captain Wallace's poems is that called "Wait," from which this verse is taken:

> As child in glee
> Its picture-book would see
> At once, all through,
> Nor heed its mother's voice to wait,
> View well one leaf and then its mate,
> So may not you
> Or I, in scanning God's great book
> Of Providence, as foolish look?

Throughout, the poems of the book are good tempered, chiefly in grave lines of work, and showing that the writer finds the world a good place to live in. Captain Wallace is a citizen of Lafayette, and this book is testimony that he is a scholary gentleman.

BATTLE FIELDS AND CAMP FIRES. A narrative of the principal military operations of the civil war from the retirement of McClellan to the accession of Grant. By Willis J. Abbott, author of "Blue Jackets of '61," etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Company.

This is a book to stir the young blood and arouse youthful patriotism. It relates some stirring incidents of the war, fully carrying the story of the struggles during the period named. It is such works as this that perpetuate the bravery of our soldiers and glorify their heroic deeds. This is the sort of thing that boys should read. Mr. Abbott in his previous works has shown his ability to treat such topics, and make them instructive as well as interesting. This book is on the same line, and is to be thoroughly commended.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB, IN NORTH AFRICA. By Fred A. Ober. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

This is one of a series of books designed to give young people a better acquaintance with the appearance and customs of foreign countries. The series has met with great favor, which is due to its merit. Mr. Ober is a good writer, who has a faculty of making whatever he touches pleasing. No easier method of travel could be devised, and probably none more profitable.

A similar book, and published by the same firm, is the "Three Vassar Girls In Switzerland," by Elizabeth W. Champney. The girls seem to have as good a time as the boys, although their journeys are made in more familiar countries. The two go together capitally.

THE PINE TREE COAST. By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

Mr. Drake, who has written entertainingly and well upon many parts of New England, has here produced what is likely to be a hand book along the more than two thousand miles of the coast of Maine, which he has illustrated. Its purpose, however, is not that of a guide book, but it is likely to become a vade mecum to all who may seek pleasure along that coast. He has combined description, incident and legion in a charming way. Beginning with Kittery Point, he carries the reader along until New Brunswick is in sight. It is a most delightful book. The only thing to be regretted is the absence of a good map.

THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH. An exposition of socialism. Our destiny. the influence of Socialism on our morals and religion. An essay in ethics. By Lawrence Gronlund. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

Mr. Gronlund is the most accomplished writer on socialism that this country has, and probably no other, unless it may be Lasselle and Carl Marx, has surpassed him. His keenness of analysis is only equaled by his clearness of statement, and, while we may differ with him radically, it is impossible to avoid thinking about what he says. We hope to have more to say about these books in the future.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH LIFE, a series of word pictures, on practical topics. By Bishop John H. Vincent. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

This is a volume of sketches and what might be called short sermons; or, as Bishop Vincent himself calls them, "Pictures aiming to portray the errors and sins to which young people are exposed, and as well, to set forth a wiser and better way of life."

CHATTERBOX FOR 1891. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

The announcement of the annual reappearance of Chatterbox will give delight to thousands. Probably it is the most popular work printed for juveniles. It is full of interest for everybody under fifteen, and a great many over that age can get pleasure and profit from it.

HARRY AMBLER, OR THE STOLEN DEED. By Sidney Marlow. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

A story for boys, written in the good old style in which virtue is rewarded and vice is punished, to the considerable interest of the reader. A similar book is the Odds Against it, or Carl Crawford's Experience, by Horatio Alger, Jr. Published by the same firm.

THE STORY OF THE ILIAD, OR THE SIEGE OF TROY. By Dr. Edward Brooks. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

This is a capital book which attained the rank of a standard. It has thirteen illustrations from Flaxman's designs.

CUDJO'S CAVE. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

This book had wonderful popularity during the war, and this reprint ought to find many admirers now.

Literary Notes.

Harper's Magazine is shortly to have a publishing-office of its own in London.

Archdeacon Farrar is going to publish "Darkness and Dawn; a Story of the Early Christians."

Early in the coming year an installment of Sir Robert Peel's political correspondence will be published. It covers the years 1820 to 1830.

It is proposed to organize in the South an "association of Southern writers for mutual strength, profit and acquaintance." A meeting of all persons interested in the plan is to be held at Nashville.

Mrs. Sutherland Orr's memoir of Mr. Browning is nearly finished. It is no longer than was at first anticipated, and the idea of publishing it along with Asolando as a seventeenth volume of the collection of the poet's works has been abandoned.

A life of Francis Wayland, who was president of Brown University for twenty-eight years, will be added to the series of American Religious Leaders early in the spring. It has been undertaken by Professor James O. Murray, Princeton.

Professor Church's volume of Bible Stories, retold in much the same style as his well-known Stories from Homer, is now nearly ready for publication. The illustrations have been reproduced from the Bible pictures of Julius Schnorr, which have long been familiar.

Chaplain W. H. Milburn (the "Blind Preacher") is finishing, with the assistance of Mr. C. B. Todd, a volume entitled "The Mississippi Valley—Chapters on its Explorers, Pioneers, Preachers and People." The later chapters will be full of reminiscences and anecdote.

The Penn Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, has brought out in pamphlet form a collection by George Thatcher, the celebrated minstrel, containing his monologues, parodies, songs, sketches, poems, jokes, etc. Also the pamphlet edition of the best selections for readings and recitations.

Betting in Cheyenne.

[Chicago Herald.]

A number of men in the Tremont House office were discussing the propensity some persons have for betting, when a Chicago traveling man remarked: "If you want to see betting go to Cheyenne, Wyo. I'm there twice a year, and my brief visits to that city have convinced me that Cheyenne men will bet on anything. I am told that two of them put up $5 apiece as a wager that one could hold a wasp in his hand longer than the other could. One fellow very slyly rubbed chloroform on the palm of his hand, and thought it would stupify the wasp to such an extent that he would have a dead sure thing of it. But the other fellow happened to know that male wasps don't sting, and got one of that sex.

"They grabbed their wasps, and sat and smiled at each other, while an anxious crowd waited and wondered. But the chloroform evaporated pretty soon, and the fellow who used it suddenly let go his wasp and let the audience into the secret of how to swear the shingles off the roof."

GRAVITATION.

A Simple Explanation of the Most Wonderful Law of Nature.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Gravitation is a subject that nearly everybody is somewhat familiar with, but there are some things about it that you may not know. For instance, suppose you were weighed at the top of a deep coal mine and afterward at the bottom; do you suppose there would be any difference in the result? Yes, there would. You would be lighter at the bottom. If it were possible for you to go on downward 2,000 miles in the earth, and there be weighed, you would be surprised to find your weight only one-half what it was at the surface; and if you could go to the center of the earth you wouldn't weigh an ounce.

This is because the center of the earth is the center of its attractive power, which is exerted equally in all directions. If you ascend from the center of the earth your weight will also decrease, but not in the same ratio as when you descend. In going upward the decrease will be in proportion to the square of the distance. Thus, while you would weigh nothing if you should go downward 4,000 miles from the surface, you would still weigh one-fourth your actual weight if you could weigh yourself 4,000 miles up in the air.

The law of gravitation is at once the strangest and the most sublime in all nature. Light travels at the amazing rate of 186,000 miles in a second. There are visible stars so far away that if one were blotted out at this instant it would be seen on this earth thousands of years hence, becauses the rays of light, starting now, would take so long to reach us, even at the wonderful velocity at which they travel. But if a new star were now placed out there in the depths of space, where the blotted out one was, its attractive force would reach us instantly. That strange force, which dominates the universe, would at once be felt, though, of course, inappreciably, between the new star and our earth.

Gravitation differs from all other forces in another respect. The intervention of bodies in the line of attraction makes no difference in the attractive force exerted. For example, when the moon comes in direct line between the earth and the sun tnere is not the slightest difference in the reciprocal attraction between the two former. The enormous power of this attractive force is utterly inconceivable. We are constantly reminded of the power the earth has in pulling us downward, but think of the attractive power of a body like the sun, more than a million times larger than the earth. And this power controls every speck of light that we see in the heavens.

Lymph for the Whisky Microbe.

[Logansport Pharos.]

Now if somebody would discover the microbe that causes men to fill up above the ears with whisky, and invent a lymph to kill it, the prohibitionists could take down their sign and the temperance agitator would be no more, says an exchange. There is hope in this day and generation of startling discoveries, but compulsory vaccination will have to be resorted to with some men we know of before the whisky microbe can be given its death wound.

We Must Have the Strip.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The Cherokees should be respectfully but emphatically informed that they can never have the consent of the Government to the sale of their lands to a private corporation at any price, and that the sooner they accept what the United States has offered them the less trouble they will have in the matter.

ADVERTISING THAT PAYS.

How to Do It, and What it Costs.

Only one cent a word for anything on earth you want—"Wanted," "For Sale," "To Let," "For Trade," "To Loan," "Lost," "Found," "Help," "Situations," "Second-Hand," "Removed," "Dissolutions," "Deaths," "Marriages," "Births," etc. No one but has something unused that some one else will buy. Tell them of it in these cheap columns, that reach 100,000 readers every day.

Why by THE NEWS instead of any other Indiana paper? Not alone because it has more readers than any other three in the State combined, but because by over twenty years of habit the public are looking to this channel. The great buying and selling classes are mutually looking here, the employer and the employed, the losers of valuables to see who found them, the finder to see who lost them.

How is it done? Simply write out in the fewest words your want and send to THE NEWS with one cent for each word, counting big and little words, including the Address of the Advertiser, which may be only an initial where addressed to a house number. Or answers may be addressed to simply an initial or figure in care of THE NEWS, as is usually done. Address letters to THE NEWS, Indianapolis, Ind., or telephone 161.

DIED.

TANNER—Charles George Tanner, younger son of George G. and Kate E. B. Tanner. Congestion of the brain. Funeral services at residence, 2:30 p. m., Friday, December 26. Burial private.

HOWARD—William, aged eighteen years, one month and twenty days, died Thursday, 2:20 a. m., at residence, 180 South Mississippi street. Funeral from St. John's Cathedral at 9 a. m. Saturday. Friends of the family invited.

BUSCHER—Emma J., wife of H. H. Buscher, and daughter of Charles and Madtalena Richmann, at Indianapolis, Ind., December 24, 1890. Funeral from parents' residence, No. 16 Fletcher avenue, Friday, December 26, 1890, at 2 p. m. Friends invited.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

FRANKLIN—Funeral of Jacob Franklin will take place at Corinthian Baptist Church, on E. North st., between Noble and Railroad sts., at 2 p. m., Friday.

MORIARITY—All members of Iron Molders' Unions, Nos. 17, 56 and 278, are requested to meet at No. 17's hall Friday morning, at 8 a. m., to attend the funeral of our deceased brother, Jerry Moriarity.

MONUMENTS.

MONUMENTS—AUG. DIENER, 243 E. Washington.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

SOCIETY—ALL MEMBERS OF FIDELITY Lodge, No. 227, D. of R., are requested to be present at their next meeting, January 12, 1891, when the election of trustees will occur.
MRS. H. SMITH, N. G.
ALICE DOUGHERTY, Secretary.

SOCIETY—ALL MEMBERS OF FIDELITY Lodge, No. 227, D. of R., are requested to meet at their lodge hall on Virginia ave., Dec. 26, 1890, at 1 o'clock p. m., to attend the funeral of our late sister, Mrs. Henry Busher. Sister lodges invited. MRS. H. SMITH, N. G.
ALICE DOUGHERTY, Secretary.

SOCIETY—K. OF P.—INDIANAPOLIS LODGE No. 56, will meet in regular session on Thursday evening, December 25. The lodge will be open for routine work at 7:30 o'clock sharp. The last night for payment of dues. Election of officers for ensuing term; one trustee will be elected to serve for three years from January 1, 1891. W. H. FISHER, C. C.
GEO. T. BREUNIG, K. of R. and S.

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL—SAVE TIME BY PAYING 20c for a meal at 19 N. Illinois st.

PERSONAL—SEE ZEHRINGER'S $3 CRAYON frames and fine line of moldings. 29 Massachusetts ave.

PERSONAL—MRS. EDGAR, OF LONDON, England, the celebrated palmist, may be seen at 159 East Ohio st. No sign out.

STRAYED.

STRAYED—FROM 1037 W. WASHINGTON street one large brown mottled pointer dog. Hair worn off end of tail and haunches in spots about size of a quarter. Wide strap buckled around neck. Information or return of this dog will be liberally paid for.

REMOVAL.

REMOVAL—KOEHLER'S GALLERY FROM When Block to 157½ East Washington.

REMOVAL—A. C. DEPUTY, DENTIST, FROM 28 Massachusetts avenue to No. 60 East Market street, opposite postoffice.

FOR SALE OR TRADE.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—NEW SIX-GLASS hack and horses. Hamilton, 11 South Alabama st.

INSURANCE.

INSURANCE—HENRY COE, FIRE INSURance Agency, 13 Martindale Block.

TAKEN UP.

TAKEN UP—A RED AND WHITE YEARling heifer. Call at 207 Huron st.

WANTED—FEMALE HELP.

WANTED—USE SILVER LEAF BAKING Powder.

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEwork at 85 Union st.

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEwork. 15 West North st.

WANTED—GOOD GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. 70 East Vermont st.

WANTED—GOOD DINING GIRL AT 86 W. Washington st. Lee Hanshaw.

WANTED—COMPETENT GIRL, GENERAL housework. 954 North Delaware.

WANTED—ONE CHAMBERMAID AND one dining-room girl. California House.

WANTED—FEATHERS RENOVATED, bought and sold. 116 Massachusetts ave. B. F. Du Bois.

WANTED—WOOD, DRY; STOVE, BLOCK, four-foot; Jackson coal. Telephone 622. Friendly Inn.

WANTED—DENTAL COLLEGE, 19½ NORTH Pennsylvania street; services free; material at cost; you are invited.

WANTED—1,000 LADIES TO BUY OUR kangaroo button shoes, $2.50; reduced from $3.50. Marott's, 75 South Illinois.

WANTED—COMPETENT WHITE WOMAN for laundry; one who understands machinery preferred; references. Apply at corner Twelfth and Mississippi sts.

WANTED—A COMPETENT GIRL FOR general housework; German Protestant preferred. Will pay good wages for capable girl. Call at 710 North Alabama st.

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEwork in small family; must come well recommended; good wages to a good girl. Call at northwest corner of Ash street and Lincoln avenue.

WANTED—MALE HELP.

WANTED—LODGINGS AND MEALS 10c 290 West Market st.

WANTED—COLLECTORS AND SOLICITors paid good wages. 14 Boston Block.

WANTED—JOB PRESS FEEDERS AT Baker & Randolph's, 28 W. Maryland st.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS SALESMAN. R. D. Leutchford & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—CIRCULARS DISTRIBUTED: $3 per 1,000 paid. Malena Co., Warrior's Mark, Pa.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED SALESMAN can secure steady employment at 93 North Delaware.

WANTED—1,000 MEN TO BUY OUR CALF pedestrian shoes. $3; worth $4.50. Marott's 75 S. Illinois st.

WANTED—DENTAL COLLEGE. 19½ N. Pennsylvania st.; services free; small charge for material only.

WANTED—$60 TO $100 A MONTH, FOR local and traveling men, to sell trees. Address for terms. E. B. Richardson & Co., nurserymen, Geneva, N. Y.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED STENOGRApher to occupy a separate office; rent, heat and light free in return for occasional work. 24½ East Washington street, room 4.

WANTED—SAM-MAKERS—FOUR SMITHers for large and small circular work; good pay and steady job for first-class men. Address, with reference, T 47, care of Lord & Thomas, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—SALESMEN FOR CHOICE nursery stock. Goods guaranteed first-class. Good salaries and expenses, or liberal commission. No experience necessary. Write for terms, giving age and secure your choice of territory. G. L. Knight & Co., 160 Park avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN OF ABILity in every city, town and village to act as agents for the Ladies' Home Journal. We want the best obtainable class of agents, and to such, unusual terms will be offered. The Journal is the handsomest periodical for ladies and the family ever issued, and has nearly half a million subscribers. It will be advertised the coming autumn and winter on a larger scale than ever before, creating a demand that agents should be ready to fill. Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

WANTED—SITUATIONS.

SITUATION WANTED—NURSE FOR INfant, second work or housekeeper. 27 West Pratt.

SITUATION WANTED—YOUNG MAN, stenographer; good references. Address E 17, News.

SITUATION WANTED—BY EXPERIENCED bookkeeper, with reference. Address D 16, care News.

SITUATION WANTED—AS STENOGRAPHer; willing to begin on small wages. Address Y 16, care News.

SITUATION WANTED—BY BOOKKEEPER with experience, about the 1st to 15th of January next. Address J 14, care News.

SITUATION WANTED—YOUNG MARRIED man with experience as bookkeeper and cashier wants situation. Best references. Address E 16, News.

WANTED—AGENTS.

AGENTS WANTED—LADY TO TRAVEL ON salary. Matthews, 62½ South Illinois st.

AGENTS WANTED—ORGANIZERS AND solicitors for The Woodmen of the World; best beneficiary and social organization. Address or call. W. M. Guiwits, Head Consul, 74 W. Market st. Good thing for good men, and good pay.

AGENTS WANTED—LOCAL AGENTS everywhere for a first-class saving and investment association; also an experienced man to establish and organize agencies in Indiana. Good salary to right man. No dead heads need apply. Write for information or call on Indiana National Investment Co., C. C. Gilmore, secretary, 77½ E. Market st., rooms 4 and 5.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—USE SILVER LEAF BAKING powder.

WANTED—TO GIVE SIX MEALS FOR $1 at 19 North Illinois st.

WANTED—FINE LIVERY AND CARriages. Wood's stables.

WANTED—$5 FOR FULL SET TEETH; EXtracted without pain at Earhart's.

WANTED—CAST-OFF CLOTHING. 298 E. Wash.; highest prices paid. Budweitsky.

WANTED—HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR furniture, carpets, etc. 139 West Washington st.

WANTED—CLOTHING, SECOND-HAND. Libowicz, 207 East Washington; highest prices paid.

WANTED—HORSES TO WINTER, CALL Charles G. Shover's stables, 162 E. Market. Telephone 657.

WANTED—STRING AND BRASS INSTRUments on payments. Store open evenings. Jerusalem, 73 Mass. ave.

WANTED—HORSES TO WINTER. LEAVE orders at W. O. Patterson's stable, 80 East Court st. John T. Pressly.

WANTED—FURNITURE: A LARGE VARIety to select from; payments or cash. F. A. Dickert, 204 W. Washington st.

WANTED—SUITS AND OVERCOATS, CASH or weekly payments. Chicago Tailoring Company, Market and Delaware sts.

WANTED—EVERYBODY TO KNOW THE best place to buy groceries and fresh meats is at corner Bellefontaine and Tenth sts.

WANTED—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF all kinds on easy payments; music at 10c a copy. Emil Wulschner, opposite postoffice.

WANTED—TO BUY ON MONTHLY PAYments, a cottage in North part of city. Address C 16, care News, stating terms and location.

WANTED—TO BUY A SECOND-HAND copying press 10x12. Address to Indianapolis Wood Preserving Company, 543 Madison ave.

WANTED—ROLLER FLOUR MILL, 100-barrel capacity, in or near Indianapolis; must be cheap. Address, giving full particulars, S 16, care News.

WANTED—TO BUY OLD MUSICAL INstruments in any shape; we sell new guitars for $1.75; we make and repair and sell on easy payments. 6 Indiana ave.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS BUSINESS man with $6,000 to go in a No. 1, first-class business; $3,000 profits for such. References exchanged. Address R 15, care News.

WANTED—FLOUR, WARRANTED.
½ bbl. choice roller process, 60c.
¼ bbl. choice roller process, $1.20.
Free sample of excellent yeast or baking powder. Geo. A. Van Pelt, 121 N. Delaware. Telephone 396.

BUILDING, SAVING AND LOAN ASS'N.

BUILDING AND LOAN—ALL DEPOSITS made with the Indiana Savings and Investment Company up to December 31 will participate in dividend of July next. Take stock now. Office, 90 E. Market st. Open Saturday night.

BUILDING AND LOAN—GERMAN AMERican Building Association. Best State plan known. Otto Stechhan, president; General Fred Knefler, vice president; G. W. Brown, secretary; Albert Sahm, treasurer. 156 East Washington st.

BUILDING AND LOAN—HOOSIER—NEW shares every Monday evening at Geizendanner's bakery, corner Vermont and Mississippi sts. No back dues to pay. Borrowers can get money without waiting. M. O'Brien, president. W. H. Stringer, secretary.

BUILDING AND LOAN—BEST INVESTment in Indiana; sixty cents monthly matures $100; debentures pay 10 per cent.; secured by first mortgage to double your investment; payable semi-annually; loans 6 per cent. C. W. Phillips, Resident Manager, 83 E. Market st.

BUILDING AND LOAN—PROVIDENT SAVing and loan association. Enter at any time no back dues, profits divided and credited on books every six months: all the best points incorporated; office always open at 89 E. Market st. Wm. Wallace, President; Moses G. McClain, Vice President; Athur B. Grover, Secretary.

BUILDING AND LOAN—THE NEW YEAR Saving and Loan starts series No. 7, January 5, 1891. Will also elect new board of directors on that night; interest averages 4½ per cent.; dues 50 cents. Call central office, 36 West Washington st., room 5. Charles E. Kerschner president, J. H. Smith, secretary, F. L. Spahr, treasurer.

BUILDING AND LOAN—YOU CAN TAKE paid-up stock in the Mutual Home and Savings Association, and get your dividends in cash first January and July of each year; this will pay you better than investment in rental property. Call at 72 East Market street for further particulars. Isaac Thallman, President; W. A. Rhodes, Secretary.

BUSINESS CHANCE.

BUSINESS CHANCE—SEALS, STENCILS, rubber stamps, checks, badges, etc. Zaiser, 27 S. Meridian.

BUSINESS CHANCE—CHANCE-MATTHEWS Printing Co., 9 Vance Block. Good work. Moderate prices. Telephone 1282. Electric power.

STORAGE.

STORAGE—THE DICKSON STORAGE AND Transfer Company's (registered) warehouse, corner East Ohio and Bee Line tracks. Telephone 725.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

REAL ESTATE—SIX PER CENT. MONEY. Spann & Co.

REAL ESTATE—HOUSES AND LOTS. DYER & Rassmann, 31 Circle st.

REAL ESTATE—PROPERTY OF ALL kinds. Hadley & Fay, 68 E. Market st.

REAL ESTATE—LARGE EAST FRONT LOT on Broadway, $1,650 cash. Smock & Wood, 32 N. Delaware st.

REAL ESTATE—$2,600—8-ROOM HOUSE; artificial and natural gas, grates, mantels, etc. C. E. Reynolds & Co.

REAL ESTATE—$2,750—492 PARK AVENUE, six rooms, artificial and natural gas, a bargain. C. E. Reynolds & Co.

REAL ESTATE—FIRE, LIGHTNING, CYclone, gas explosion and life insurance. Hadley & Fay, 68 E. Market st.

REAL ESTATE—FIRST-CLASS NEW RESidence, Park ave., at $5,000; cost more than sum asked. Powell & Hanckel.

REAL ESTATE—581 BROADWAY, NEW seven-room cottage, with bath, at a bargain this week. Smith, 8½ North Pennsylvania.

REAL ESTATE—ELEGANT EAST-FRONT lot, North Meridian st., south of Twelfth, at a cut price for few days. Powell & Hanckel, 66 E. Market st.

REAL ESTATE—EXCELLENT BUILDING lots on Mississippi st., near Thirteenth, $700 and $800, on easy terms. Powell & Hanckel, 66 E. Market st.

REAL ESTATE—FREDERICK BAGGS, FIRE, life and accident insurance, loans, collecting and rental agent. Notary public. Room 8, over Fletcher's Bank.

REAL ESTATE—WHEN WE SAY A BARgain we mean it. We have such in house lot on South Side, near Delaware st., at $800. Powell & Hanckel, 66 E. Market.

REAL ESTATE—GOOD TWO-STORY FRAME residence, 10 rooms, east front, on North Tennessee st., near Fourth st., cheap. A. Abromet, 44½ North Pennsylvania st.

REAL ESTATE—A VERY DESIRABLE dwelling, 10 rooms, east front, on Tennessee street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, cheap; fine neighborhood. A. Abromet, 44½ N. Pennsylvania street.

REAL ESTATE—VERY NICE 5-ROOM frame cottage, almost new; slate mantels, grates, large cistern, etc.; also barn on it; State ave.; cheap, if sold quick. A. Abromet, 44½ North Pennsylvania st.

REAL ESTATE—$5.00 DOWN AND $1.00 PER week until paid for, high lots in Prospect street addition; no interest, no taxes; price from $50 to $125 each; abstract furnished. Bradley & Denny, 26 North Delaware.

REAL ESTATE—$5 DOWN AND $1 A WEEK; high, large lots, near all factories at Brightwood, near street car line, in Brinkman's Hill addition; size 40x136 feet; price $50 to $100. Bradley & Denny, 26 N. Delaware st.

REAL ESTATE—TWO DESIRABLE FRAME cottages of 4 and 6 rooms each; also barn, in good condition, on West Second street, near West; at a bargain, if sold this week. A. Abromet, 44½ North Pennsylvania st.

REAL ESTATE—$1,300—NEW HOUSE, 6 rooms, Udell st. $1,100, house 4 rooms, 2 lots, Addison st. $1,100, store and dwelling, corner Addison and Rader sts. $675, house three rooms, 2 lots; vacant lots on easy payments. C. A. Owen, North Indianapolis.

REAL ESTATE—STANLEY PARK—A LIMited number of lots in this addition, four blocks west of Blake st., for sale upon reasonable terms to parties who will build. Streets newly graded and graveled. These lots are the cheapest on the market, considering location, and as the owners are contemplating further improvements, present prices will be advanced by spring. Call at office and see plat with prices. Foster & Keay, No. 6 Odd Fellows Block.

TO LET—ROOMS.

TO LET—THREE NICE ROOMS. 104 BROADway.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS. 144 NORTH Alabama st.

TO LET—ROOM AND BOARD, $4. 260 Christian ave.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS. 345 NORTH Mississippi st.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED FRONT room, board. 320 East Ohio.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS, 284 N. Meridian; prices reasonable.

TO LET—THREE ROOMS FOR LIGHT housekeeping. 230 N. Mississippi.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOM, centrally located. A 17, care News.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED ROOMS, WITH good board. 529 North Meridian st.

TO LET—ONE SUITE AND ONE SINGLE unfurnished rooms over 251 E. Washington.

TO LET—DOUBLE PARLORS, UNFURnished; also furnished rooms. 142 N. Illinois.

TO LET—181 NORTH CALIFORNIA ST., three or four rooms, housekeeping; natural gas.

TO LET—ROOM FOR MEAT MARKET, connected with grocery. Address D 17, News office.

TO LET—WITH BOARD, FURNISHED AND unfurnished rooms. 187 North Pennsylvania street.

TO LET—LARGE FURNISHED ROOM, front, suitable for two gentlemen. 59½ North Illinois st.

TO LET—FOUR FURNISHED ROOMS AT No. 378 N. Alabama st.; elegant neighborhood; board if required.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED ROOMS; FIRST-class board. Few day boarders wanted. References required. 272 North Meridian st.

TO LET—DESIRABLE ROOMS, EN SUITE. Vajen's Exchange Building, 66½ N. Pennsylvania st. All modern conveniences. C. E. Reynolds & Co., 10 Circle st.

TO LET—ROOMS AND BOARD, $4 TO $7 PER week; nicest, most home-like, quiet boarding place; rooms single and en suite, suitable for family. Enterprise Hotel, two and one-half squares from postoffice. Massachusetts ave.

TO LET—HOUSES.

TO LET—SEE LIST. C. E. COFFIN & CO.

TO LET—GET LIST ALEX. METZGER, ODD Fellows hall.

TO LET—SEE LIST AT HADLEY & FAY'S, 68 East Market st.

TO LET—SEE LIST IN OFFICE. C. E. REYnolds & Co., 10 Circle st.

TO LET—HOUSES AND ROOMS IN BLOCKS. Dyer & Rassmann, 31 Circle st.

TO LET—SEE LIST AT 96 EAST MARKET ground floor. Gregory & Appel.

TO LET—HANDSOME RESIDENCE IN Woodruff Place; low rent. M. H. Spades.

TO LET—HOUSE 8 ROOMS, GASES, DOWN town, good neighborhood. Apply 294 East Market st.

TO LET—LOWER FLOOR DOWN-TOWN furnished house; references; $30. Address Z 16, News.

TO LET—THREE-ROOM HOUSE, WITH gas, good condition, cheap. 372 S. Tennessee. Call 284 E. Washington.

TO LET—273 NORTH TENNESSEE STREET, 10 rooms, natural gas, every convenience. Inquire 251 N. Meridian.

TO LET—THREE-ROOM HOUSE, WITH gas, good condition, cheap. 372 S. Tennessee. Call 284 E. Washington.

TO LET—LARGE LIST OF SMALL AND medium sized houses in all parts of the city. C. F. Sayles, 75 E. Market st.

TO LET—DESIRABLE DWELLING, COLlege ave., opposite Orphan Asylum Park. H. D. Pierce, 24½ E. Washington st.

TO LET—NO. 289 ENGLISH AVENUE; 5 rooms, cellar, well and cistern; $7.50 per month. John S. Spann & Co., 86 E. Market st.

TO LET—

273 N. New Jersey, 11 rooms, both gases, bath, new and first-class	$45.00
383 N. Illinois, 8 rooms, both gases	30.00
603 N. Mississippi, 8 rooms, both gases	25.00
252 N. Mississippi, 8 rooms, both gases, bath	27.50
162 Harding st. (west of river) 4 rooms	15.00
64 Spann ave., 5 rooms	12.00
24 Elk st., 5 rooms	11.00
145 West North, 3 rooms, natural gas	12.00
29 Beeler, 5 rooms	11.00
71 Columbia ave., 5 rooms	11.00
34 and 36 Roanoke st., 5 rooms, each	8.00
222 Coburn st., 5 rooms	10.00
224 West First, 3 rooms	8.00
192, 186 and 8 Dillon st., 3 rooms, each	7.00
36 Hadley st., 3 rooms	6.00
STOREROOMS.	
185 E. Washington	30.00
185 W. Washington	30.00

And several other small rooms well located. We also write fire insurance in best companies at lowest rates on household furniture and dwellings, etc. Give us a call.

POWELL & HANCKEL, 66 E. Market st.

TO LET—OFFICES AND STORES.

TO LET—STORE ROOM, 32 AND 133 SOUTH Meridian st. Apply Bank Commerce.

TO LET—STORE-ROOM, NO. 60 W. WASHington st. Apply at the A. & P. Tea Co.

TO LET—OFFICE ROOMS IN INSURANCE block, Market and Pennsylvania. A. M. De Souchet, 13 Insurance Block.

TO LET—OFFICE SUITABLE FOR DOCTOR, two rooms. Inquire of Lewis C. Hayes, druggist, Indiana avenue and Michigan street.

TO LET—BUILDING AND OFFICE, COMplete; suitable for manufacturing; with or without power; rent low. Apply at Indianapolis Fence Co., 13, 15, 17 McNabb st.

NOTICE.

NOTICE—EVERROAD & PRUNK. STOVES at cost.

NOTICE—GATES, DENTIST, ROOM 1 ODD Fellows Block.

NOTICE—AMATEUR PRINTING PRESSES on payments. Zaiser, 27 S. Meridian st.

NOTICE—YOU CAN GET A GOOD MEAL and good coffee for 20c at 19 N. Illinois st.

NOTICE—MILES'S TWO-DOLLAR PANTS better than $3 elsewhere. 24 West Washington.

NOTICE—OLD SILK HATS MADE GOOD AS new, by Depuy, the hatter, 47 Massachusetts ave.

NOTICE—EVERROAD & PRUNK FOR TIN work and gas fitting, 170 Indiana ave. Telephone.

NOTICE—TIN WORK AND FURNACES AT Joseph Gardner's, 37, 39 and 41 Kentucky ave. Telephone 322.

NOTICE—BRILL'S DYE WORKS, NOS. 36 and 38 Mass. ave., and 95 Illinois st. Gents' and ladies' clothing cleaned and dyed.

NOTICE—STUMPF & THIELE, MANUFACturers of steel furnaces, tin and iron work, repairing, etc. 19 and 21 North Tennessee.

NOTICE—TO THE PUBLIC: ON OR AFTER this date I will not pay bills contracted by anyone but myself. Mrs. Viola L. Husted.

FOR TRADE.

FOR TRADE—GOOD LOT TO TRADE FOR horse or good buggy. W. E. Mick & Co.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—NEW, WHITE SEWING MAchine. 8 Maple st.

FOR SALE—THE BEST MEAL IN THE CITY for 20 cents, at 19 N. Illinois st.

FOR SALE—FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF safes. A. Gregory, 30 Jackson Place.

FOR SALE—TEETH, FULL SET UPPER OR lower, $4, warranted. Faries, 126 Hoyt ave.

FOR SALE—TWO DOLLARS WILL BUY good cassimere pants, of Miles, 24 W. Washington.

FOR SALE—HEALTH RESORT, HEALING mineral springs. Address H. C. Prather, Spencer, Ind.

FOR SALE—OLD NEWSPAPERS, NICELY folded and clean, 20 cents per hundred. Call at News office.

FOR SALE—HEADQUARTERS FOR CHRISTmas candies and cakes. Fred Hetz, 56 North Pennsylvania.

FOR SALE—UNIFORMED MESSENGER boys for errands. Telephone 123. District Telegraph Company.

FOR SALE—FURNITURE, CARPETS AND stoves on easy payments or cash. Charles Willig, 468 Virginia ave.

FOR SALE—DRUG STORE AT A BARGAIN. Reason for selling, sickness. Address Wm. M. Lewis, Greenfield, Ind.

FOR SALE—SUITS AND OVERCOATS, CASH or weekly payments. Chicago Tailoring Company, Market and Delaware.

FOR SALE—ONE TAYLOR HORSE-POWER and feed cutter, and one corn grinder; good as new. Call 432 Massachusetts ave.

FOR SALE—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF all kinds on easy payments; music at 10c a copy. Emil Wulschner, opposite postoffice.

FOR SALE—SIX-LENSE BLACK OPERA glasses at $2; pearl opera glasses at $5; magic lanterns and slides at Lando's, 62 E. Market st.

FOR SALE—SHOW CASES OF ALL KINDS, a large stock on hand at the factory, No. 8 W. Louisiana st., opposite Union Depot. Wm. Wiegel.

FOR SALE—ONE-HALF INTEREST IN manufacturing plant, with gas well and market for our goods; $10,000 to $15,000 needed. Address F 17, care News.

FOR SALE—BUILDING PAPER,
Sliding blinds,
Mosaic wood floors.
J. Zimmerman, 13 South Alabama.

FOR SALE—RARE LINE OF PARLOR suites, bedroom sets, carpets, easels, sideboards, tables, chairs and children's carriages, all of the very latest styles and designs at the most reasonable prices and terms. A call is solicited by J. W. Connelly, 68 E. Washington st.

FOR SALE—FOR THE HOLIDAYS,
The biggest bargains in the city.
$1.89 for a fine decorated chamber set.
89c for a fine decorated washbowl and pitcher.
15c for a set of fine blown water tumblers.
$2.19 for a large decorated parlor lamp.
A large line water, lemonade and wine sets in fancy colors; hanging lamps, parlor lamps, table glassware, decorated dinner and chamber sets; a big stock dishes. Store open every night till after the holidays. The largest china, glassware and house furnishing store in the city. M. D. Kaufman, 173 W. Washington st.

FOR SALE—CLOSING OUT SALE. WE must vacate building February 7, 1891, and our large line of stoves, rockers, rugs, carpets, furniture and queensware, and everything in the house furnishing line will be sold at cost. Our stock is large and we must dispose of same by February 7th at any price. Come everybody and get the biggest bargain ever offered in this city. Examine carefully the following list:

STOVES.
A splendid heater for $3.25.
An elegant base-heater, $12.
A magnificent base-heater, $15.
A splendid cook stove, $10.
Wash boilers, 85c; stove pipe, 15c; dish pans, 25c; skillets, 12½c; izing glass, 3c per sheet; pie pans, 2c; pint cups, 2c; dairy pans, 5c, and everything pertaining to stoves at your own figures.

ROCKERS.
Plush rockers, pretty rockers, plain rockers, cane rockers, platform rockers, wood rockers.
An elegant 16th century rocker, silk plush, $3.50.
A beautiful willow rocker, $1.50.
Children's willow rockers, $1.25.
Cane rockers, $1.75.
Rockers with cane seat and back, $2.
Large arm rockers, $1.50.
Children's rockers, 35c.
We have the largest line of rockers in the city and we are selling them at cost.

BED ROOM SUITS.
An elegant 16th century suit, $17.
A beautiful antique oak suit, $20.
Walnut suit, marble top, $30.
Parlor suit, $25.
Oil paintings, 75c.
Easels, 50c.
Hanging lamps, $2.

RUGS.
Fur rugs, Smyrna rugs, moquette rugs, ingrain rugs; all sizes, all styles. Best assortment in the city.
Fur rugs, 75c to $6.
Smyrna rugs, 90c to $5.
Moquette rugs from $1.25 up.
Large ingrain rugs, all wool, $1.
Door mats, 35c.
Lace curtains from 50c to $12.
Finest lace curtains in the city for $2.
All-chenille curtains, with borders, $4.75.
Poles, brass-trimmed, 12½c.

ALSO.
A full line of ingrains, tapestry Brussels, body Brussels, velvet Brussels, moquettes, hemp carpets, straw matting, at prices lower than the very lowest.
A small additional per cent. will be added if bought on payments.
NEW YORK FURNITURE COMPANY,
84 East Washington st.
North side, near Delaware.

Open every night this week until 9 o'clock.

AUCTION SALE.

AUCTION—L. N. PERRY, AUCTIONEER, 95 E. Market.

AUCTION—A. L. HUNT, AUCTIONEER, 192 E. Washington.

AUCTION—GUSTIN & McCURDY, AUCTIONeers, 139 W. Washington st.

AUCTION—
12 bed-room suits.
12 second-hand carpets.
1 fine Brussels.
1 fine folding bed.
6 center tables.
12 platform rockers, velvet.
12 fine pictures.
8 heating stoves.
24 feather pillows.
Terms, one-fourth down and balance in thirty days.
We have the best selection of second-hand goods in the State.
We will buy any second-hand article you have, or will give you the latest style furniture for the same.
We also sell at private sale for cash or on payments. We invite the public to see our stock.
Remember, we pay the best price for second-hand goods, and are prepared to buy out businesses of all kinds. BARGAIN STORE,
79 W. Washington st., opposite Park Theater.

AUCTION SALE—
Depot Tea Store,
at 117 South Illinois street, third door north of Union Depot, with a full line of staple and fancy groceries.
Everything new, clean and first-class. You can get better value for your money here than in any other store in the city.
Best flour, warranted, $5.00 per bbl.
15 lb standard gran. sugar $1.25.
16 lb Conf A sugar, $1.
17 lb Ridgewood A sugar, $1.
18 lb white X C sugar, $1.
1 lb Prime Rio coffee, 25c.
1 lb Fancy Rio coffee, 28c.
1 lb Maracaibo and Rio coffee, 30c.
1 lb Arbuckle's coffee 28c.
1 lb Lion coffee 28c.
3 lb New Valencia raisins, 25c.
2 lb New currants, 15c.
3 Cans tomatoes, 25c.
3 Cans corn, 25c.
Our stock of candies, nuts and fruits is complete for the holiday season. Call and examine them.
Remember the number, 117 South Illinois st., third door north of Union Depot.
P. J. RYAN.

AUCTION—
I will sell at public auction, at 77 South Illinois street, a complete line of house furnishing goods, all new and first-class, consisting of sideboards, wardrobes, bed room suits, parlor suits, folding bed lounges, folding beds, bookcases, writing desks, hall trees, fancy rocking-chairs in reed, plush and cane; oil paintings, steel engravings, picture frames, easels, hanging lamps, stand lamps, dinner sets, water sets, chamber sets, glassware, silver castors and pickle dishes, window shades, lace curtains, rugs, ingrain and Brussels carpets, linoleum, oil cloth, trunks, grips, etc., etc. Must be closed out at once to the highest bidder. Sale each day at 10 a. m. and 2 and 7 p. m., continuing each day till sold out. Come quick while the stock is complete and holiday presents at a bargain.
O. E. WILSON,
77 South Illinois st.
H. H. Gibbs, Auctioneer.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENT—SIX MEALS FOR $1: 19 N. Illinois st.

ANNOUNCEMENT—FOR PURE CANDIES go to Fred Hetz, 56 North Pennsylvania.

ANNOUNCEMENT—RAZORS AND SHEARS ground at Barbers' Supply House, 27 and 29 Circle st.

ANNOUNCEMENT—JULIUS MIESSEN, confectioner and caterer. 180 Virginia ave. Telephone 598.

ANNOUNCEMENT—YOU CAN BUY NICELY folded and clean newspapers at The News office for 20 cents per hundred.

ANNOUNCEMENT—ATTEND CENTRAL Prohibition Club meeting, 78 N. Pennsylvania, basement, Friday night.

ANNOUNCEMENT—PALMISTRY. MRS. Edgar, of London, England, the celebrated palmist, may be seen at 159 East Ohio st.

ANNOUNCEMENT—MUSICAL INSTRUments of all kinds on easy payments; music at 10c a copy. Emil Wulschner, opposite postoffice.

ANNOUNCEMENT—DECAYED TEETH filled and new teeth made after the most approved methods. Mary C. Lloyd, dentist, Fletcher's Bank Building.

ANNOUNCEMENT—DRS. FERGUSON & Rowe, 19 West Ohio. Telephone 1205. Residences: Dr. Furguson, 483 Park ave., telephone 1228; Dr. Rowe, Windsor Hotel, telephone 461.

FINANCIAL.

LOANS—MORTGAGE LOANS. C. E. COFFIN & Co.

LOANS—CHATTEL LOANS. 15 BOSTON Block.

LOANS—MONEY TO LOAN. HADLEY & Fay, 68 E. Market st.

LOANS—6 PER CENT. MONEY. GREGORY & Appel, East Market st.

LOANS—MONEY AT 6 PER CENT. HORACE McKay, Talbott & New Block.

LOANS—I HAVE $2,000 CASH TO LOAN ON good real estate. H. J. Everett.

LOANS—MONEY TO LOAN ON PERSONAL property. Room 24 Thorpe Block.

LOANS—ON JEWELRY, CLOTHING AND other valuables. 57 West Washington st.

LOANS—RELIABLE ELECTRIC BELLS at 15 South Meridian. District Telegraph Co.

LOANS—MONEY TO LOAN; NO COMMISsion. Room 4, over Fletcher's Bank. J. M. Winters.

LOANS—ON PERSONAL PROPERTY OR real estate. J. H. Aufderheide, Room 11, 53 N. Pennsylvania.

LOANS—PRIVATE MONEY ON FARMS OR city property; reasonable rates. Reid Bros. 42 N. Delaware.

LOANS—MONEY LOANED ON PERSONAL property without delay, 12½ North Delaware. Geo. W. Seibert.

LOANS—MONEY, 6 PER CENT. BUILDING Association shares purchased. Newton Todd, 24½ E. Washington.

LOANS—MORTGAGE LOANS, $100 UP, AND 6 per cent. Money ready; no delay. A. R. Grover, 80 E. Market st.

LOANS—MONEY ON FARMS OR CITY property; terms reasonable. Thomas C. Day & Co., 72 E. Market st.

LOANS—LOANS ON FURNITURE, PIANOS, Watches, jewelry, horses, etc. Room 6, 24½ E. Washington st. John Scarry.

LOANS—PRIVATE FUNDS ON FARM AND city property; large loans on business property, 6 per cent. Stanton and Scott, 34 N. Delaware st.

LOANS—MONEY LOANED ON FURNIture, pianos, horses, etc., without removal Room 12, Insurance Block, 53 North Pennsylvania st.

LOANS—MONEY TO LOAN ON WATCHES, diamonds, jewelry, pianos and all kinds of personal property; strictly confidential. Room 24, Thorpe Block.

LOANS—MONEY IN SUMS FROM $200 TO $1,000 and upwards, at 6 per cent., for one to three years or five years; no delay. Alex. Metzger, No. 5 Odd Fellows Hall.

LOANS—ON WATCHES, DIAMONDS OR any valuables; also pianos, furniture, etc., without removal. Fair dealing; all confidential. Room 9 Mansur's New Block (corner east of Court House).

LOANS—TO LOAN MONEY IN ANY amount, in sums of $100 to $5,000 on very easy terms; low rates; no delay; can accommodate you the same day that apply; loan on city or farms. C. W. Gorsuch, 15 Virginia ave.

LOST.

LOST—SMALL DARK RED IRISH SETTER, female. Return to 113 North West and get reward.

LOST—TWO WEEKS AGO, BLACK MARTEN muff, while shopping. Reward at 343 North Pennsylvania st.

LOST—A POCKETBOOK, CONTAINING nearly ten dollars and large brass key. Please return to News office.

LOST—LARGE ST. BERNARD DOG; YELlow; answers to name of Nep; reward. U. S. Lounge Company, 238 South Meridian.

LOST—POCKET BOOK, $20 IN MONEY AND valuable receipts, with name R. T. Cassidy on receipts. Please return to 294 Springfield st.

LOST—BEAVER OVERCOAT, TAKEN BY mistake from Bates billiard room; $10 reward. No questions asked at Bates House billiard room.

LOST—LADY WITH TWO CHILDREN WHO claimed package containing one pair gray undressed kids at Laurie's store, will please return to 413 N. Alabama or Laurie's.

LOST—FROM 204 W. WALNUT ST., LARGE black Newfoundland, with white breast. Answers to name of Nero. Liberal reward will be paid to any one returning the dog to the above number. James Brennan.

FOR SALE—HORSES AND VEHICLES.

FOR SALE—CHRISTMAS DINNER APPEtizer, stuffed mangos.

FOR SALE—SLEIGH IN GOOD ORDER, very cheap. Call at Smock Bros.'s stables.

FOR SALE—FINE STALLION, ENGLISH-shire, very cheap, at Pray & Co.'s "Diamond Stables."

FOR SALE—SMALL PONY AND CART, FOR sale or trade. W. T. Long, livery, East Wabash st.

FOR SALE—ROCKAWAYS, PHAETONS, buggies, delivery wagons, strictly prime. Robbins, 32 East Georgia street. Repairing solicited. Old vehicles awfully cheap.

FOR SALE—F. HARTMAN, MANUFACTurer of spring trucks, drays, wagons, carts, tempering wheels and brickyard tools. Horseshoeing and jobbing done promptly. No. 220 E. South st.

FOR SALE—SPECIAL AUCTION SALE Tuesday, December 30, 1890. Ten tons of baled hay, 15 buggies, wagons, carriages, carts, etc.; four sets of double harness, 15 sets of single harness, 30 head of horses, mules and ponies, one fine landau carriage, with good set of harness, all to be sold to the highest bidder and no by-bids, at 245 West Washington street. Terms of sale, cash.

RAILWAY TIME CARDS.

"VANDERBILT SYSTEM"
CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS RY.
BIG FOUR ROUTE

TIME CARD.
CLEVELAND DIVISION.
Depart—*3:30 am, 7 am, 11:15 am, *3:25 pm, *6:40pm.
Arrive—*7:00 am, *11:10 am, 2:50 pm, 5:00 pm, *11:20 pm.
CHICAGO & CINCINNATI DIVISION—EAST.
Depart—*3:35 am, *7:05 am, 11:15 am, *3:10 pm, ‡5 pm, 6:45 pm.
Arrive—10:35 am, *11:10 am, ‡12:25 pm, 4:55 pm, *11:15 pm, *12:20 am.
CHICAGO & CINCINNATI DIVISION—WEST.
Depart—7:10 am, *11:20 am, 5:15 pm, *12:30 am.
Arrive—*3:20 am, 10:55 am, *3:00 pm, 6:15 pm.
PEORIA DIVISION—WEST.
Depart—7:45 am, *11:45 am, 5:05 pm, *11:25 pm.
Arrive—*3:25 am, 10:30 am, 2:55 pm, *6:35 pm.
PEORIA DIVISION—EAST.
Depart—*3:35 am, *6:50 pm.
Arrive—*11:00 am, *11:15 pm.
ST. LOUIS DIVISION.
Depart—*7:30 am, *11:20 am, 5:20 pm, *11:30 pm.
Arrive—*3:20 am, 10:35 am, *3:00 pm, *6:20 pm.
*Daily. ‡Sunday only.

From Indianapolis Union Station

Pennsylvania Lines.

East—West—North—South.

Trains run by Central Standard Time.

Leave for Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York. d 4:45 am, d 3:00 pm, d 5:30 pm.

Arrive from the East, d 11:40 am., d 12:50 pm., d 10:00 pm.

Leave for Columbus, 9:00 am.; arrive from Columbus, 3:45 pm.: for Richmond, 4:00 pm.; arrive from Richmond 9:00 am.

Leave for Chicago, d 11:05 am., d 11:30 pm., arrive from Chicago, d 3:45 pm., d 3:30 am.

Leave for Louisville, d 3:40 am., 8:00 am., d 4:00 pm.: arrive from Louisville, d 11:00 am., 5:55 pm., d 10:50 pm.

Leave for Columbus, 4:10 pm.; arrive from Columbus, 10:20 am.

Leave for Vincennes and Cairo, 7:20 am., 4:00 pm.; arrive from Vincennes and Cairo 10:50 am., 5:00 pm.

d, daily; other trains except Sunday.

VANDALIA LINE.

SHORTEST ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS AND THE WEST.

Trains arrive and leave Indianapolis as follows:

Lve. for St. Louis, 7:30 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 11 p. m.

All trains connect at Terre Haute for Evansville. Through sleeper on 11 p. m. train.

THE BEST LINE —TO— CINCINNATI.

CH&D

THE FINEST ON EARTH

The only Pullman Perfected Safety Vestibule Train Service, with Dining Car, between Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati

For any information call at our city ticket office, corner Illinois street and Kentucky ave. Trains arrive and depart from Union Station as follows:

	Depart.	Arrive.
Cincinnati Vestibule*	3.55am	11.15am
Cin., Toledo and Detroit Ex.‡	10.45am	7.45pm
Cincinnati Limited*	3.00pm	10.55pm
Cincinnati Vestibule*	3.30pm	12.35am
Cin., Toledo and Detroit Ex.‡	6.30pm	9.15am

*Daily. ‡Daily, except Sunday.

MONON ROUTE — THE VESTIBULED PULLMAN CAR LINE.

LEAVE INDIANAPOLIS.
No. 38—Monon accom., d'y ex. Sun. 5:15 p. m.
No. 32—Chicago lim., Pullman Vestibuled coaches parlor and din. car d'y 11:25 a. m.
Arrive in Chicago 5:10 p. m.
No. 34—Chicago N'g't Ex. Pullman Vestibuled coaches and sleepers, d'y 12:40 a. m.
Arrives in Chicago 7:35 a. m.
No. 49—Local fre'ht, leaves Alabama street yards at 7:05 a. m.
Pullman Vestibuled sleepers for Chicago stand at west end of Union Station, and can be taken at 8:30 p. m., daily.
Ticket offices No. 26 South Illinois st., and at Union Station.

THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON, EXCEPT SUNDAY

By JOHN H. HOLLIDAY & CO.,

THE NEWS BUILDING, No. 30 W. Washington St.

Entered at the Postoffice at Indianapolis, Ind. as second-class matter.

Served by carriers in Indianapolis and surrounding towns at ten cents a week; single pies two cents.

By mail, postage prepaid, fifty cents per month, or $6 per year, payable in advance.

Postage on single copies of THE NEWS, in wrapper, one cent.

Special want advertisements or "liners" one cent a word for each insertion (must be handed in by 1 o'clock for same day's insertion); nothing less than ten words counted. Display advertisements vary in price, according to time and position. No advertisement inserted as editorial matter.

Correspondence containing news of interest and importance is desired from all parts of the State and will be paid for if used.

No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Rejected MSS. will not be returned unless return postage is inclosed. Persons sending articles should keep copies. Contributions for which compensation is expected must be marked with the price.

THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS has a bona fide circulation, based on the past one or five years' average, exceeding that of any other three Indianapolis dailies combined, or the total of any other five besides in Indiana, and reaches a larger percentage of home population than any other American daily.

Persons desiring THE DAILY NEWS served at their houses can secure it by postal card request or order through telephone No. 161. Where delivery is irregular, please make immediate complaint to the office.

The date printed on the wrapper of each paper notes the time when the subscription expires.

Specimen numbers sent free on application. Remittances, drafts, checks and postoffice orders should be made payable to the order of JOHN H. HOLLIDAY & CO.

TELEPHONE CALLS.
Editorial Rooms.....873 | Business Office.....161

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1890.

THE people of Oklahoma have had a very acceptable Christmas gift in the adjournment of the Legislature.

THE French have made every effort to convince General Boulanger that he is politically dead, but he persists in coming back periodically to execute a ghost dance.

GENERAL RICE, of Kansas, declares that the third party convention is not "off," but will take place early in April or May. The first day of April would be a good date.

THE President has barred out the public building for Bar Harbor, and the little postoffice up there, which employs one clerk and no carrier, will not find a $75,000 government building in its Christmas stocking.

IF the nations abroad had any doubt that we were going to have a World's Fair, the President's proclamation has removed it. Now, let them all "chip in" and help make it a success, and especially do we invite them to come over and see what a big country Columbus discovered.

THE treasury department has decided that natural gas must pay duty. There are some gas wells in Canada, near Buffalo, and it is being piped across Niagara river for use in the latter city, and so, the decision that it is dutiable, because it competes with the coal barons' product. If air and water could be corralled they would be put on the tariff list, too.

THE great railroad strike in Scotland promises to be a serious affair. The men ask for no increase of wages, but only that a day's work shall be limited to ten hours, with 50 per cent. extra pay for Sunday labor. A reasonable demand, it must be admitted, but if the same concessions were required on this side of the water it would tie up all the railroads in the country.

THE W. C. T. U. was very fortunate in losing only $4,000 by the recent bank failure, but that does not prove that Mr. Kean is entitled to the support and confidence of the churches. He is not the first leading Prohibitionist and Sunday-school superintendent who has done a large banking business on his religious capital. Miss Willard should have waited until the evidence was all in before pronouncing her verdict.

THE Buffalo Natural Gas and Fuel Company is preparing to bring this highly desirable fuel from Canada to this country to supply the city of Buffalo. A decision has just been rendered by our Government that this imported gas will be subject to a duty of 10 per cent. The consumers at Buffalo will hardly be able to see the justice of this decision which will raise the price to them of an article that they can not by any possibility produce, and which, if admitted free of duty, could not in any way affect an American industry. There is not a shadow of right or reason in imposing this tariff on natural gas.

IN the exchange of good things which the holiday time brings about, the people of Indiana present to the Democratic party the following:

We favor the total abandonment of the system of fees and perquisities in the payment of State and county officers; and we demand the enactment of a law by the next Legislature fixing fair salaries for all public officials, the same to go into effect as soon as practicable.

This is a sort of a "return present." It was first presented by the Democratic party to the people of Indiana. It was accepted by them, and for it the Democratic party was given opportunity to prove itself. The time is now approaching for this, and the present time being the one in which good things are exchanged, this is to be handed back to the Democratic party for further use. The people have kept their part of this promise. They gave the Democratic party power. They expect now that party to keep its promise; and this is the reminder.

THERE is a tradition that the ideal Christmas must be a snowy one. Why snow is regarded as typical of the day can not be explained, unless it is an inherited idea from our New England ancestors. Certainly it is not a feature of the country consecrated by the birth of the Christ, which the day commemorates; nor of those lands that celebrated this anniversary for centuries before the tenets of Christianity had reached the regions of ice and snow. The New England Christmas comes nearest our conception of the day's proper observance and the most beautiful of our stories and poems upon the holiday's festivities have their scene of action in this locality. The long fields white with snow, the little snow-covered hamlet the romantic sleigh-ride, the huge fire-place with back logs which cast a ruddy glow down the snowy path, these are the Christmas pictures that have fixed themselves upon our imagination, and will not be replaced by blue skies and sunshine and balmy air. Every boy and girl hailed this morning's snow flakes with a cry of delight that touched a responsive chord in the hearts of those whose Christmas anniversaries have long since lost their novelty and zest. There is a good cheer, a hilarity, a promise of frolic in an old-fashioned snow storm that is irresistible. It fills the youth with happiness, and makes the old feel young.

The Murphy Meetings.

Christmas week rings in for Indianapolis with the new and true. Amid the happy holiday time, so freighted with the varied voices, whose burden all is the message of peace on earth and good will to men, there is the call to us here to meet the generous impulses that so abound at this time for determination to the best things; the determination to have a better log book to the end of life's journey. This call rings true with the Christmas keynote. It is in the words of that greatest moral force of the nineteenth century—Abraham Lincoln—"with malice toward none, with charity for all." With this spirit vibrating through every word Francis Murphy calls to this community—to every element in it—to strengthen the high resolves which cluster so thickly around this time. What Christmas gift can you bring your fellow man equal in value, equal in dividend-paying power, equal in steady increase of principle, to the kindly word and urgency that will lead him to lay aside the sin that doth so easily beset him?

This you can bring him by your attendance upon and support of the Murphy meetings. Feel the force of your example. And, besides, give an hour of an evening to the encouragement of the beloved man whose life is to help his fellow-man that the great work which he has done here may go forward with renewed vigor. The value of the Murphy movement to Indianapolis has been in simple dollars an untold sum. The value in happy homes—hundreds of them—the father, son or brother, "clothed and in his right mind," a man again among men, made so by the beneficent influences which at Francis Murphy's gentle words unlock and flow to fructify and give life like a well in a desert; the enrichment to this community in this way is past all reckoning. Starting now when the years meet—the old year handing over to the new the work of life, we want by this work to make it the best year Indianapolis ever had. It can be so by an outpouring of the people to these Murphy meetings.

The Housekeeping of the Future.

It has been a foregone conclusion for a long time that some new method of housekeeping would have to be developed. It has been pretty well established that the "servant girl problem" will have to be solved by leaving out the servant girl. Who or what is to take her place is represented by x, an unknown quantity. While many of the laborious features of the old-time housekeeping have been eliminated, others equally as exacting have taken their place. The labors of the housekeeper have changed in character, but not in their requirements. Although innumerable conveniences have been added, they have brought with them a train of duties; the sinks, the faucets, the boilers, the bath-rooms mean constant scouring, polishing and cleaning. The modern family requires many more rooms than that of the olden time, and the carpets, rugs, curtains, upholstered furniture and endless array of bric-a-brac make a daily demand for scrupulous care. The furnishings of the table have become more complicated and burdensome. While there is perhaps a smaller number of different viands used at each meal, the cooking is more complicated and the serving more troublesome, the several courses, change of dishes, etc., making each meal an elaborate affair compared to the old-fashioned custom.

As much is required of the modern woman as of her ancestor, who is held up as an example of all the virtues. Her duties are not the same, but are just as important, as society is now constructed. She is yearly assuming more of the burden of church work, greater responsibility in philanthropic matters, a higher standard in educational affairs, wider scope in the domain of business. As much and perhaps more than ever does she need the most competent assistance in the household, and never was this help so inferior and so hard to get. Speculation as to causes does not alter the fact that first-class domestic service is scarce, and that there is no prospect of a supply which will be permanent or satisfactory. Out of the many schemes of relief which have been suggested and attempted, the one which seems to possess advantages beyond all the rest is known by the general term of co-operative housekeeping. The scheme has been partially tried with varying success at several different times and places, but the first systematic and well-organized attempt to introduce it upon a large scale has recently been put into operation at Evanston, Ill. Although as yet a new thing, its supporters are enthusiatic in its praise.

The plan had its inception last August, when a number of housekeepers, weary and disgusted with the reign of the "hired girl," called a council of war, the result of which was the organization of the "Co-operative Housekeeping Club." Fifty families united in this movement, a board of directors was elected, a thorough investigation made into the practical workings of the system, and a stock company formed. The organization is now in working order and the plan in full operation. A building was rented and fitted up with the complete apparatus of a kitchen and laundry. H. L. Grau, formerly in charge of a similar institution in Paris, was engaged as manager, and three meals are now served daily to fifty families. Milk, cream, fruit and butter are sent each morning according to order. The bill of fare is furnished twenty-four hours in advance. Notice for extra meals in case of guests must be sent halt an hour ahead, and 25 cents per meal is charged. The regular rates are $4 a week for adults and $2 for children. The menu is quite elaborate, much more so than for the ordinary family table. The meals are sent in "Norwegian kitchens," boxes two feet by three, and five or six inches in depth, with receptacles for all sorts of dishes and vessels, the whole surrounded by boiling water, so that they may be kept hot several hours. Each delivery wagon will carry sixteen of these "kitchens," and is provided with a stove. Breakfast may be brought to the door from 6 to 8 o'clock; dinner, from 12 to 2; supper, from 5 to 7.

There is a strong belief that this system, with various modifications and amplifications, will be very largely adopted in the near future as a great saving of money, time and annoyance. It is not impossible that coming generations may regard our present custom of millions of individual kitchens with their multitude of aggravations, with much the same feeling of superiority as we now look back upon those days when each family carded their own wool, spun the cloth, fashioned every garment, cured their meat of all kinds, made their soap, candles, butter, lard, hominy, pickles, canned fruits, in fact almost every article that was used upon the table. From our present method of living to co-operative housekeeping would be no greater transition than has taken place in domestic arrangements during the last fifty years.

AROUND THE HORIZON.

Great excitement is likely to drive our wits entirely out of call or to mix them up in a confusion which makes us perform a part regretted when we recover our equanimity. The best illustrations of this are, perhaps, to be seen at fires. The spectacle of a house afire seems to work a peculiar demoralization and scatterment of men's senses. Scarcely one of us but has seen memorable examples of the truth of this. In one of the smaller cities, in the southern part of Indiana, at a fire which we shall always distinctly remember, a gentleman well known for his intelligence and success in business, rushed into the burning house at the greatest peril of his life and from an upper window hurled a wash-bowl and pitcher, then wrenching a handsome plate-glass mirror from the dressing-stand, of which it was a part, sent it crashing after the others. At this stage of his career of destruction cooler men seized the intelligent business man and dragged him away. Some especially excitable persons lose their heads whenever the order of things to which they are accustomed is suddenly changed, be it by fire, or accident, or changed conditions of any kind. Recently a woman landed at Castle Garden from an emigrant ship and disappeared. Some hours after she came back in a dreadful fluster because she had forgotten her baby and left it on the ship.

* * *

Forty years ago Anton Rubenstein founded the Royal Conservatory of Music at St. Petersburg. The institution has been his pride ever since and his directorship and influence have brought it great eminence. But jealousy of Russian musicians has recently driven Rubenstein to surrender his place at the head of the Royal Conservatory, and now, in his old age, he is removed from the position which his own genius created and exalted.

* * *

A suicide is commonly the subject of little sympathy from the public. Comments upon self-destruction are very likely to be entirely unfavorable to the unfortunate, and are frequently tinged with ridicule, or even twisted into the ghastly semblance of a jest. But the suicide of Louis Schmidt, which occurred the other day in New York, and its attendant circumstances, awake only emotions of pity and charity. Schmidt was devotedly attached to his wife. There were no children, and she was the sole object of his love. Several weeks ago Mrs. Schmidt was taken to a hospital, sick. When the doctors told her husband that she could not possibly get well, he was dazed and did not seem to fully understand the terrible words which they said. He went home and wandered about the lonely rooms. Every object reminded him of the presence with which his very existence seemed inseparably connected, but which had departed never to return. During the long hours of the night Schmidt's mind gradually cleared, and the fearful truth sank deeper and deeper into his soul. The kindly neighbors remembered the unhappy man's devotion to his wife, and were solicitous for him. The next morning early, a good woman tapped at his door. There was no answer. She knocked louder and nervously, but still received no reply. Then she opened the door. The lifeless body of Schmidt was hanging from a gas brac ket in the room. The full realization of his bereavement had come, and that sad night for him had no dawn.

* * *

The khediva of Egypt is described as a fine-looking woman of about thirty years old, with clear, expressive brown eyes, and a figure which she understands well how to clothe to the best advantage. She welcomes foreign visitors with a simplicity and cordiality which puts them at ease, and inspires immediate liking and confidence. In referring to the khediva by name she must be called the Princess Emineh-Hanen. She is the mother of two boys and two girls, of whom she is exceedingly proud.

* * *

Some of the finest and most famous varieties of bent-wood furniture, which is now so popular, are made by girls in the mountain region of far-away Bohemia. In one manufactory, situated in the heart of beautiful mountain scenery, eight hundred girls are employed and their nimble fingers produce twelve hundred pieces of furniture each day. In this class of work it has been found that girls are more skillful, artistic and rapid than either boys or men.

* * *

On a commanding mountain top near the city of Arequipa, in Peru, the Harvard University authorities are to establish a permanent astronomical observatory. The Andes Mountain east of the observatory will effectually bar the progress of the clouds and mist which sweep up the valley of the Amazon from the Atlantic ocean, on the wings of the trade winds. As these winds come steadily from the east the year around, the vapors arising from the Pacific can not get far enough inland to obscure the skies above the observatory, although they would have to travel but forty miles to do so. The point which the observatory will occupy is 8,000 feet above the sea. The Harvard observers hope to enjoy exceptional advantages because of the clear air and unclouded skies of the region which was selected. One of the chief objects in going below the equator to find a location for the observatory, was in order that a complete map of the southern heavens may be made. Professor Pickering, who will be in charge of the station, hopes to add important discoveries to what is known of the canals of Mars, when that planet makes his nearest approach to the earth in 1892. It is confidently expected that the science of astronomy will be greatly benefited by the addition of this observatory to its working force.

His Only Chance.

[Washington Star.]

Benevolent Person (to old tramp)—You ought to be ashamed of yourself begging at your age.

Tramp (indignantly)—How in thunder can I beg at any other age now, I'd like to know. Gimme a nickel.

The Holiday Lulla-buy.

[Washington Star.]

All the children want to "go buy buy" these days.

Missouri is all Right.

The apple crop of Missouri this year was worth ten million dollars.

My Ain Joe.

The Laird an' Leddy o' the ha'
Hae flunkeys at their feet;
They bask in silks an' satins braw,
And dazzle a' the street.
The Leddy she's a stately quean;
Her son a gallant fine,
But there's nae Joe like my ain Joe,
An' there's nae love like mine.

The Laird's son lo'es a guid Scotch reel,
An' I lo'e ane mysel';
He vowed 'twad please him unca weel
Gin I wad be his belle.
Hoo ilk ane stared as han' in han'
We cantered down the line;
Yet there's nae Joe like my ain Joe,
An' there's nae love like mine.

The Laird made bauld a kiss to try
Afore the gentles a',
There's ane before ye, laird, quo' I,
An' he's worth ony twa,
I ne'er kenned ony guid to come
Frae mixing o' the wine,
An' ne'er a Joe but my ain Joe
Can hae a kiss o' mine.
—[William Lyle in Norristown Herald.

"SCRAPS."

Mr. River Banks lives in Boone county, Kan.

Safe burglars—those lodged behind iron bars.

The Hyena is the singular name of a paper issued at Salina, Mo.

The Latania Borbonica is the largest palm in cultivation in this country.

From the remotest times men saluted the sun, moon and stars by kissing the hand.

Germany is building eleven battle ships, with an aggregate displacement of 70,000 tons.

It is becoming a proverb among firemen that when one church is burned another one will follow within a week.

The biographies of distinguished living women will hereafter find a place in the new edition of "Men of the Time."

The most inveterate chicken thief in Atchison is an old woman who ought to be preparing herself for eternity.—[Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

About three quarts of solid "muddaubers'" nests were taken by a tuner from an organ in one of the Apopka (Fla.) suburban school-houses recently.

Jeremiah Woodruff, aged eighty years, of Orange township, near Birmingham, Conn., and worth $100,000, was strangled the other day while eating an orange.

At Pembroke, Me., a few mornings ago the thermometer registered 15° below zero. At the same hour the next day the mercury had risen to 59° above zero.

Miss Walk High, daughter of Mr. White Calf, and Miss Osage, daughter-in-law of Mr. Hard Case, are among the Cheyenne ladies stopping at Fort Supply.

A man in Missouri sues for a divorce from his wife because she would not go anywhere with him, but insisted on his remaining at home to take care of things.

Ouray, Colo., has a mountain of white sand so much like granulated sugar that it seems like an outrage on American industry that it can't get a bounty.—[Philadelphia Record.

There is a woman living at Newton who is forty-eight years old and she has never had a proposition of marriage. She thinks Newton is the deadest town in the world.—[Kansas City Star.

The Czar has decided to forbid any of his subjects from entering the principality of Monaco on account of the large number of wealthy Russians who have been ruined at the gambling tables.

A new institution to be incorporated in New York is the New York Bacteriological Institute. It will furnish free treatment to contagious diseases, and will have a Pasteur and Koch department.

The man who lately refused to aid a British policeman struggling with a party of roughs has been fined $100. The law requires that a citizen shall render help under such circumstances.

The trust controlling the African dismond mines has resolved to reduce the product from 4,000,000 to 2,000,000 of carats per annum, and raw diamonds have risen 100 per cent. in consequence.

Dr. S. A. Jaminet, of St. Louis, first introduced in that city, years ago, the habit of chaining door-mats to the front steps. His mats were very fine ones, and he deemed this precaution necessary.

Whittier is fond of pets. He has three handsome dogs, two cats and three fine horses. When the poet goes abroad in pleasant weather a young St. Bernard dog is his constant companion.

The official canvass of the vote of Minnesota unexpectedly shows that the amendment to the constitution allowing five-sixths of a jury to render a verdict in all civil cases has been carried.

Jaguar skin is a new material now meeting with approval for application on cloth and woolens. The color is brown, shaded to amber, and the surface is covered with irregularly shaped spots in shades of yellow, red and light brown.

At an elegant private german given in a town near Boston the other night the men went up to a slot machine, put in a nickel, supplied by the hostess, and received forthwith a dainty roll of chocolate with the name of his partner on the wrapper.

Robbers entered a boarding school for girls at South Bethlehem, Pa., a few nights ago, and stole a number of rings, bracelets and other jewelry. "When it was noised about that burglars had been in the building several of the students fainted away."

Though suffering from a cold that would probably have buried many a younger man, Rev. Mr. Hawes, who is in the ninety-third year of his age, has been regularly in the pulpit of his church in Litchfield, Mass., on recent Sundays.

One of the interesting men of Canada is Dr. Orouligatoklin, of Toronto. He is an Indian who, in his youth, was chief of the Mohawks. The Prince of Wales urged him to go to England to be educated at royal expense, and he was subsequently graduated from Oxford and from a London medical school. He is a good-looking, broad-shouldered six-footer.

A signal act of heroism has just been recorded at Berlin. As the express train from Hamburg to Berlin was entering the station at Spandau, it was noticed that an iron bar was lying across the rails. The train was so near to it that an accident seemed inevitable, but just at the critical moment a carpenter named Scholh ran forward and snatched the bar almost from beneath the wheels of the locomotive. His act of daring cost him his life.

A judicial trial in New York is bringing out the difference between a fiddle-dee-dee, and the genuine article. The suit is against a dealer who sold for $1,000 what the buyer believed to be a genuine Gaspard Duiffoprugcar, violin, the value of which experts now put at about $40 or $50. Two of the experts had never seen a genuine Gaspard Duiffoprugcar, and it appeared that in the books on the subject there was much dispute to Diuffoprugcar ever having made a violin.

Here are some holiday thoughts by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps that are worthy of remembrance. She says: Keep your Christmas nerve, and muscle, and heart, and hope, and cheer, first for your own home, your own fireside, your dearest, your closest, your sweetest—and then for the homeless, the fireless, the unloved, the "undeared," and be true, true, true to the last Christmas card that goes to your postoffice, or, the last "Merry Christmas" that crosses your lips!

The Long Island City scamps who joined a funeral cortege as mourners, the better to shove spurious dollars on wayside taverns en route to the cemetery, adopted a novel trick; but it failed to work as intended, and the whole gang were changed to veritable mourners by being captured in their weeds while quenching their grief for the departed at a roystering bar. Not often has the livery of woe been put to such base uses; and, happily, Justice nipped the profanation.—[Philadelphia Record.

The Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle of January 6, 1770, describes a giant English Christmas pie, which was nine feet in circumference at the bottom and weighed 168 pounds. It required two men to present it at the table, and it was neatly fitted with a case and four small wheels to facilitate its use to every guest. It contained two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, two woodcocks, six snipes, four partridges, two meat's tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds and six pigeons.

The Bone of Contention.

[Harper's for January.]

An English correspondent tells of a London sanitary inspector who, in answer to a question, said:

"Yes, the overcrowding among very poor people in London is considerable. For instance, I was called to a house in the poorest part of Westminster, each room of which was let out to different tenants. In one department, and that by no means large, five families were living, one in each corner of the room and one in the middle. Agree? Oh, yes; they agreed well enough until the party in the middle wanted to take in lodgers, and that led to a row, and my attention being called to the case, I promptly cleared the lot out."

Youthfulness of Spirits.

[Connersville Examiner.]

The woman who keeps herself young is most sympathetic with young women, and never permits herself to become dowdy in thought or dress, and makes herself as interesting as possible, for she knows that an intelligent look in the face takes away ten years of her age and makes her seem twenty years younger. She goes out into life and gets the sunshine and fresh air, and, because of her brightness, the thought of putting her "on the shelf" never occurs to anybody.

New Material for Horse Collars.

Galvanized iron collars for draught horses have become popular in England.

REPORTERS' COMPOSITE CHRISTMAS STORY.

WORKING LIFE ON A DAILY PAPER AS PORTRAYED BY THE WORKERS—CHRISTMAS YARN BY THE FORCE.

Silas Enfield, Believing in the Power of the Press, Goes to a Newspaper Office to Ask for Help in Seeking His Child, Whose Name He did not Know and Whom He had Never Seen—

A Mystery Dramatically Solved.

If there are any precious and reposeful moments in the lives of the city force of an afternoon newspaper, they follow close upon 3 o'clock, when the last copy is "taken" and the fates of the day are in the hands of the foreman of the composing-room and the "make-up." The police reporter has wrung his last confession from the day's criminal, and has wired in from the station house that "all's safe;" the men on convention assignments have accurately anticipated the speeches and resolutions up to 5 o'clock; the "Chicago close" on markets is in; the society reporter, who was shocked at noon to learn that "we want nothing but silence out of you, and mighty little of that," has gone home; the artist has just had time to get in a view of the firemen saving a child from a burning building; the coroner has been furnished with a "proof" of his 4:30 o'clock verdict on the wreck; a blazing head for a pretty little "scoop" has been written—all that talented legs and a telephone can do has been done. It's the lull after the scrimmage. A half day has been crowded into an hour. The relaxation is delicious.

At such an hour, a few days before Christmas, the city editor, with abated energies, meditated on the shortcomings and excellencies of the day's work. Then the day expanded into the year. The panorama spread out before him. With such haste as the last hour had seen the dead had been buried, the living had been considered—good and bad; the woes, joys, ambitions and despairs of the world, all necessary to a harmonious and captivating daily paper, had been to the reporter as mere sticks of timber with which a man builds his house.

Does this kind of a life make cynics, Philistines of us? Do we lose sympathy and assume a show of it only when sorrows (capable of being worked into a good story) are revealed to us? Do our hearts harden, or does knowledge of ten thousand secrets, afflictions, charities and cruelties of humanity, like the sufferings of the doctor's patients, only fit one to pass judgment soberly and without prejudice or rapture? In a word, is there any utility to the city force in joy and sorrow, except the "items" they yield?

"DO YOU MAKE THE PAPER?"

This was the trend of reflections interrupted by an arrival.

"Do you make the paper?"

"Well, perhaps, part of it."

"Can a man see you?"

"I guess so."

The voice had come from a grit-encircled mouth that belonged to a newsboy, who solicited patronage at the foot of the stairs and was available when anybody wanted to send a message to the apartments above. Pretty soon he reappeared conducting a stranger. Their approach was heralded by the thumping of a cane, upon which, evidently, the stranger was leaning heavily. His appearance was singular in that he was one of that small class of men who are able to enlist your eager attention, even before you hear their cause. He was, perhaps, sixty years old; worn by exposure and perhaps suffering, but not worn out.

"My name," he said first, "is Silas Enfield. If you are the city editor perhaps you will remember a note addressed by me to you."

The city editor recalled having received that day the following:

"If you have time and disposition to hear an old man's story send a reporter to — Noble street."

Requests for reporters are frequent and are often on trivial grounds, the public seeming to think that everything offered is to be eagerly accepted, as if there ever was a paucity of topics. Something like this was about to be said when the old man continued:

"I confess to being eager to have your help, and I couldn't wait for your reporter. Now, if you will listen you can soon tell whether you can spare the time to bother with my case."

Silas Enfield had walked to a chair as he talked, and having made his preface brief continued without ceremony or loss of time.

"I am an Englishman and a sailor, though I haven't been on the seas for many years. Twenty-odd years ago the English government was sending expeditions to south Africa and South America to stimulate her commerce and extend her influence. I was an officer of small rank in the navy, and had only been three months married when I was assigned to one of these expeditions. I have no long yarn to spin now, for I want to trouble you only with the facts necessary to explain my mission. As details and proofs, I have papers in my pocket to satisfy all inquirers. It is enough now that you should know that I was away from home, and in remote parts much longer than we could help, and during all that time I neither heard from my wife nor, it seems, succeeded in getting a letter to her.

"When I returned at last, one of only a few of our crew, for one ship had been lost and all on board, it had been reported, with her, I could find no trace of my wife except this: Six months after I sailed, and when the reported loss of our vessel was confirmed, she had started to America to live with a brother. For a few months letters had been received by an aunt, directing if I turned up alive that I be notified of my wife's whereabouts. That aunt had died in an epidemic, and no immediate relatives remained. The neighbors vaguely remembered that New York had been mentioned, and that my wife had playfully remarked that if our unborn babe were a boy she would name him Silas, after me; if a girl, Anna, after herself.

"There, sir, you have my story. I want to live to add another chapter to it—the finding of my baby and wife."

"How old is the babe if now living?"

"About twenty-one years."

"And you don't know whether it's a boy or girl?"

"I don't, and I don't know its name, except that I believe its given name is either Silas or Anna."

"And why do you hope to find it here?"

"Sir, I have been in many cities, and neither the child nor mother was in any of them. They are somewhere. If alive, why not here? If not here I will look for them elsewhere as long as strength remains. That is the one thing I have to do in this world. A father's love always seemed to me to be more or less pathetic, but you are looking at a man who has loved for more than twenty years a child he has never seen. If you pity me, help me to find my loved ones—even if dead. I believe in the power of the press. If I did not I would not have come to you."

Here was a moving appeal for help. With so slight a clue—or rather no clue except the absolute absence of all trace of identity, there was little prospect of success in the search for the old man's child, but the search itself would afford a good story. Help was promised, and four reporters were assigned to look into the case on separate lines of investigation, and to report their experiences.

Hilton U Brown

II.

The Police Reporter's Adventure.

The police reporter and the old man parted on the street corner, and as Mr. Enfield walked away the reporter caught a glance of an ill-visaged fellow in a crowd of idlers who seemed to be watching intently the reporter's late companion, and who had apparently followed him to the newspaper office and awaited his reappearance. He was a stocky-built fellow, with a week's beard on his face, a slouch hat pulled down over his head and ears, a handkerchief of the cheapest kind knotted about his neck. His short, rough coat was buttoned tight about him, and on his feet he wore heavy brogans. Slouching up to the reporter he said, with a grin that displayed white, rat-like teeth:

"Lad, who is the cove as you was talkin to? Hi thinks hi knows 'im. 'E's a Hinglish-looking chap, and maybe he's the sailor boy hi wants to see."

"He was a sailor, and he, too, is looking for somebody. I can tell you all about him."

"'E hoffer a reward?"

"I don't know; but I do for correct information."

This queer British tough either knew something or was trying to find out all about Silas Enfield with a view to making capital of his knowledge. Each suspicious of the other, the two parted, reserving much that each knew, and agreeing to meet on the morrow. The reporter watched the man until he had entered a saloon.

A scrap of paper, a single remark has many times furnished a valuable clew—what if this man should hold the key to the mystery—it's worth trying for. At the nearest telephone the city editor was informed of what had occurred and the eagerness of his tones showed that he was deeply interested. "Follow your men; use your discretion in details and make expense a minor consideration," was his final instruction. The reporter, satisfied that he had not been observed, took his position in a stairway across the street from the place of retreat of the object of his search.

It was dark and great snowflakes, that turned to water as they struck the pavement, were falling. It was an hour before the man reeled out of the dive and staggered westward, the reporter following and keeping him in sight. Over the old river bridge, through dark streets, far out to the suburbs went the drunken man, with the reporter close behind. At last he staggered up to a house that appeared to be on a knoll. It loomed up like a spectre through the falling snow, and, to all outward appearance, was uninhabited. The half-besotted man leaned heavily against the building and kicked the door vigorously. As it did not open, the man kicked the door again and added to the din by pounding with his fists and uttering oaths.

A CLEW.

"Don't be a fool, mother, hits Jem; hopen this door, you ole fool, you, an' don't keep me freezin' hout 'ere."

At this the door swung back and an old woman appeared, holding a lamp high above her head with one hand, while she shaded her eyes with the other. The man, with a coarse exclamation, pushed her to one side and staggered into the room. The banging of the door, the dropping of a bar and the rattle of chains kept the old woman's answer from the reporter's ears.

"Now, what is to be done?" soliloquized the reporter. "I have followed a drunken loafer two or three miles through a snow-storm and have heard him curse his mother. This is all wasted effort unless I go in."

He knocked at the door.

"What's wanted," came from inside in tones that evidently belonged to the old woman.

"I am a stranger and would like shelter for the night."

"We keep no lodgers here, stranger."

"I am willing to pay liberally for a night's lodging."

That brought a response. The door cautiously opened a few inches and the old woman's face appeared.

"I am alone. Hurry up and let me in out of this storm," exclaimed the reporter with pretended impatience. Slowly the door opened wider until sufficient to admit the reporter, and he stepped in, shaking the wet snow from his overcoat as he did so. Without a word the old woman, bent and withered, with wrinkled face and straggling hair, a Meg Merrills, took a seat in front of a blazing grate. The reporter removed his overcoat, pulled up a chair, and as he warmed his hands, took a swift inventory of the room.

The apartments were astounding in their furnishings.

On a plain deal table were some costly china dishes; valuable rugs were spread upon the floor; on the old-fashioned bed were piled several bolts of cloth; costly lace curtains hung at the shuttered windows; damask portiers divided the room into two apartments. On a pile of blankets in one corner, the man the reporter had followed home was lying face downward in drunken slumber. A soft opal-colored light from a piano lamp brightened the room.

"Rather disagreeable outside," remarked the reporter, making an effort to be friendly. The old woman made no reply, and all attempts to draw her into conversation were a failure. She rocked on an ottoman and gazed stolidly into the fire. When the reporter displayed some silver and hinted that it would not hurt his feelings to be supplied with food, the crone glanced furtively at the sleeping man and muttered: "This is no place for such as you. You'd better travel before Jem wakes hup."

At that moment a low whistle sounded outside. The beldam tottered to the door and admitted a young man about twenty or twenty-five years of age; a handsome fellow, built like an athlete. Apparently he had not noticed the reporter's presence, for, throwing a sack he carried on the floor, he exclaimed: "There's some Christmas presents for the children, old woman. I had a lively race, but I got away all right. There's swag enough there, old woman ——"

"Hu-sh," hissed the crone, pointing to the reporter. At the sound the young man turned. Doubtless this was the young fellow who was to be palmed off as Enfield's son—so the reporter vaguely reasoned. Or could it be possible that there was an existing similarity between the life of this young man and the unknown son of old man Enfield, and in a den of thieves?

The young man advanced. "What are you doing here?" he angrily demanded.

"I lost my way, and—"

"I think you are a spy. Jem, oh, Jem!"

The drunkard started up and stared at the intruder.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "You are the one wat hi sees hup town. You follohs me, eh? I disremember inviting you to-night. You needs a lesson in manners when you come to see gentlemen!" The thieves clearly imagined the reporter an officer, and were in an ugly humor about it.

"I am not a spy, and I have no intention of betraying you. Open that door and I will go."

"Oh, no. It's very impolite to go so sudden-like."

"But as I came out of curiosity and without an invitation, and as my curiosity is fully satisfied, I am disposed to go without ceremony." And the reporter discreetly started for the door. His flight made his "hosts" courageous, and two of them threw themselves in front of the exit. There was a scuffle and a display of weapons, and the reporter was in a fair way to lose life as well as consciousness, when there was a stamping of feet outside, a crash, and the door burst open.

"Just in time, old boy!" exclaimed the voice of a fellow-reporter, leading in some very welcome bluecoats.

W. H. Blodgett

III.

The Youthful Reporter Shows "Snap."

The youthful reporter was in a gloomy mood. The prospect of approaching Christmas did not cheer him. He was retrospectively glancing over his experience as a reporter, and it was not an experience full of triumphs.

The young man, be it known, was in his first year of newspaper work—and the work had been disillusionizing. He had taken up the business of a reporter with a general idea of difficulties to be overcome. But difficulties in the grand, well-rounded abstract are never so powerful as in the petty, irritating, unanticipated reality.

His first work had not been inspiring. There was not much pride of accomplishment to be extracted from the act of making out lists of births and deaths and transfers of real estate. For some time the items he wrote only occasionally rose to the dignity of a two-line head, and a triple head was a joy that came at epochs few and far between.

He had no special title. He was an odds-and-ends reporter. He finally began to do the markets, a sort of dealing in mysterious symbols, that gave no great satisfaction to the high-sounding name of "Commercial" or "Market Editor," which was urged upon him by his kindly fellow-workers. This dignity he found one that a person might glory in unenvied. He did not cling fondly to the title.

Newspaper work was strangely unlike anything he had guessed from reading the papers. Information unprinted seemed filmy and impalpable compared with information arrayed in formal type. To get it was like grasping at shadows. During a skeptical period the whole newspaper business seemed a deceiving shifting of scenes, waving of green cloth and burning of red fire. For a while it was hard to learn that it is not necessary for a reporter to know more of a subject than he wishes to tell the public. The fact was also disagreeably pressed upon him that the reporter need not necessarily be intensely interested in a subject interesting to the public. The rapid changing of interest from one topic to another, which compelled this state of things, was bewildering.

Interviewing was not the easy, sociable sort of thing it had appeared. Reporters had seemed to have "troops of friends," full of desirable information and conveniently expressing views on interesting subjects at appropriate times. This was, to a limited extent, true; but it had not occurred to the youthful reporter that interviewing was methodical, that persons were sought out with reference to their knowledge of a public theme or that they were often found inconveniently busy or entertaining absurd and irritating scruples against being interviewed just when it was necessary to rush off and write their opinions before going to press in twenty minutes.

He was the odds-and-ends reporter—the remnant reporter. He had a fragmentary knowledge of many fields. He was kept on the lookout that nothing turned up unexpectedly in the courts, station house or other routine "run" that must be "covered" when the regular reporter of that run was busy.

Sometimes while fishing in these unpromising waters there was a sudden and thrilling nibble, and the youthful reporter, after some agitation, was gratified by landing a really good item, a rare one with a "scare" head. But often these triumphs were sadly abbreviated, for the cautious city editor passed the tackel to more experienced hands, and the youthful reporter was reduced to the somewhat humiliating position of merely watching for bites on other men's lines.

The young man might have thought of many really pleasant things that had come into his experience despite the dispelling of illusions, but he was in a gloomy mood late on that evening after the old Englishman had called and gone.

He was alone in the office. All had gone home for the night, and the janitor was gathering up the scattered exchanges thrown carelessly on the floor. In his odds-and-ends capacity he had been lingering to receive any possible startling news that might come in and make an extra necessary.

While he sat musing, a big blue-coated policeman came in off the stairway.

"Is 'Spottsy' in?" he asked, referring familiarly to the police reporter.

"No; he's busy out in the city somewhere."

The policeman seemed to hesitate.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well, I don't know. I'm sorry 'Spottsy's' not in. The fellows have worked up a pretty good case locating an old-time thief, and I wanted him to be along when we took him in."

Here was a ray of hope for the odds-and-ends man. "I don't think it's likely that you can see him again to-night; he's out on a case of his own. See here: what's the matter with my going with you?"

The young man was unusually bold. He was often told that a lack of "snap" was what caused the slowness of his progress, and now, in reaction from his despondency, he resolved to show "snap."

JEM.

The big policeman had gained a slight acquaintance with the youthful reporter in the latter's fragmentary duties at the police station, and owing to his kindly interest, consented to the suggestion now made.

The young man telephoned his purpose to the surprised city editor at his home and the latter also assented, as there was no one else to undertake the work. It was one of those cases of special confidence where the reporter of one paper is favored with a bit of news from which others are excluded. The detailed and somewhat thrilling story of the discovery of the old criminal, and the history of his "chequered career" was like delicious music in the ears of the young reporter.

The arrest was not undertaken until late in the evening, when a group of policemen and the reporter stood conferring together in the snow-storm across the river, before cautiously advancing and stationing themselves about the house known to be the home of a desperate thief and murderer.

When they were stationed in the proper positions, the young man was not without his misgivings. Perhaps there was not so much glory in that sort of thing, anyway. The affair was beginning to look commonplace.

He stilled even his internal voice when a footstep was heard and a young man was defined in the lighted doorway as he entered the house.

Shortly after there came sounds of a struggle and the reporter rushed impetuously into the house, actually at the head of the detail of policemen. There was some quick work and a rough, drunken man was thrown to the floor, while the young man that had been seen entering the house and an old woman were seized. A man was lying unconscious on the floor. The odds-and-ends reporter started back in amazement. It was the police reporter!

* * * * * * *

The next day was a great one for the youthful reporter. The police reporter lay at home painfully but not seriously injured, and it was left to the young man to write up the whole affair. For once he was entirely relieved of his odds-and-ends duties, and was given full swing.

"Jem," the great burglar, had been taken, and a full length biography of him was in order. It was a severe task for the young man's ability, but he managed to write picturesquely, and he was given all the credit which is invariably bestowed for good newspaper work in which "snap" is shown.

The police reporter had followed up a misleading clue. The old Englishman was taken to the jail to see "Jem's" young confederate, and it was discovered that he had once been robbed by the famous burglar. This accounted for "Jem's" interest in him on the street.

Adolph Schmuck

IV.

Eugene Blackmore.

Christmas morning, 18—, at the Blackmore homestead, in central Indiana, was intensely cold. The old, unpainted farmhouse, a mile back from the road leading to the nearest village, was almost completely hidden by the heavy snow that had fallen during the previous night. If there was anything by which it could have been pointed out as the abode of mankind, it was the smoke that issued from the broad chimney and curled fantastically toward the few stars that were trying to shine in opposition to the sun, fast approaching the horizon.

As the sun came up a downy frost filled the air, and when farmer Blackmore stepped out upon his front stoop he gazed upon ten million diamonds. Nature seemed to whisper to him, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." The two little girls within the humble home had not been neglected, though poverty had not permitted their presents to be many. If Mr. and Mrs. Blackmore have not laid out so much money for presents as they might have spared, it was because they remembered that at each of the ten Christmases that had passed since they were married Uncle Henry, of the city, had sent a box of things. And the box had always come on Christmas morning. They had not heard from Uncle Henry during the last year, but they felt confident that he had not forgotten them.

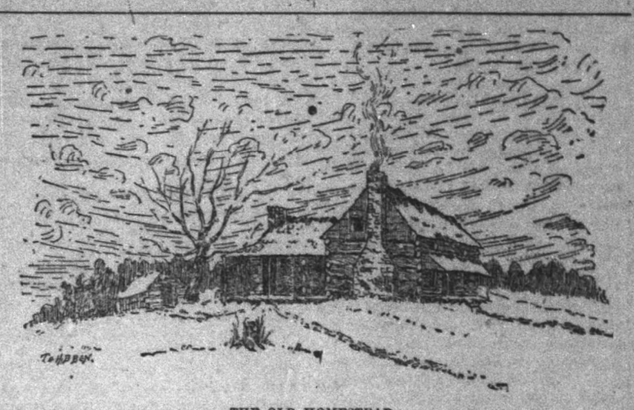
"You will go to the express office this morning, won't you?" said Mrs. Blackmore after breakfast.

"It will be a cold trip, but I will make it," John replied.

It seemed to Mrs. Blackmore that John would never return; she was so impatient to see what was in Uncle Henry's box. As the sun came up higher, and higher, the glittering diamonds in the air became fewer, and the quiet world took on some signs of life. The big oak trees in the forest behind the house, when they felt the warm rays of the sun, seemed to awake under its influence, and to stretch like humans aroused from slumber. As if unlimbering their stiffened joints, they snapped with sharp reports.

Mrs. Blackmore was standing at her kitchen window beating batter for the Christmas cake, and gazing meditatively out upon the midwinter landscape, when she was so startled by the sharp call, "Oh, Mary," that she dropped the batter-pan. The caller was farmer Blackmore, who sat on his old dun horse in the lane, before the yard gate. Under one arm Mr. Blackmore carried a box, and behind him, on the horse, sat a ragged, white-headed, timid-looking boy, who was shaking from the exposure of a three miles' ride on such a day.

"More Christmas presents than we ever had before," said farmer Blackmore, as he dismounted and helped the half-frozen boy to the ground.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

"But who's the boy, John?"

"He's our joint Christmas present. He's a waif. On the train from town this morning was a man who had a car-load of boys he said he was taking from an orphan asylum in New York to the West, where he hoped to find homes for them. He asked me if I had a boy. I told him no. 'Then,' said he, 'I will make you and your wife a Christmas present. I will give you the smartest boy in the car.' Mary, I couldn't refuse; we'll keep him and do right by him.

"What's your name?" asked Mrs. Blackmore, after the family had gathered around the fire-place to open the package from Uncle Henry.

"I haven't got any," said the boy. "At the orphans' home they only called me 'Tow-head.'"

"Then we will give you one," said Mr. Blackmore. "We will call you Eugene Blackmore."

And Eugene Blackmore became one of this happy family, which lived far away from the world's sharp battles and bitter jealousies.

As the neighbors became acquainted with Eugene they said he was a "right smart of a boy." He stood at the head of all his classes in the district school, and was envied by many of the boys who would try to wound his feelings by calling him "Stray Gene," and like names. But Eugene was good natured; he never quarreled with his schoolmates, and, if he sometimes felt the pricking of the thrusts of the big boys, he never mentioned it. He kept right on leading all his classes. When the first spelling-bee was held he became the talk of the whole neighborhood, for he "spelled down" everybody in the house. The wiseacres said: "That orphan of a 'Gene Blackmore'll make his mark some day." When Eugene reached his fifteenth year he had read every book in the scanty Blackmore library, which included Robinson Crusoe, the Arabian Nights, several of Oliver Optic's books, the Pilgrim's Progress, and an old rhetoric, which, like Eugene, had drifted into strange company. After the story book had been read and re-read, Eugene would study the old rhetoric by the hour. He became acquainted with the figures of speech, and during the long winter evenings he would amuse himself looking over the pages of the books on the shelf for similes, allegories, metaphors, etc.

BOY OR GIRL?

And thus Eugene's quiet life ran on. He mastered all the common school branches and spent a couple of years in the village academy. He began to think a great deal about himself—about who his parents were—where were they living? Where was he born? and what should he do for himself when he became a man? One day the thought came to him that he might write for a newspaper. He had read the one county and two weekly State papers that came into the Blackmore home, and had always found pleasure in doing so. The desire grew on him. That same night he wrote on some slips of brown paper a dozen "items" of the neighborhood, of which these are some samples:

"The roads are dreadfully muddy."

"John Brundage is hauling stones to the city."

"Henry Morningstar has a new girl at his house and is happy."

"Corn isn't turning out as well as farmers expected; what there is is chaffy."

"There will be a spelling-bee next Monday night at No. 6. Will Joe down 'em?"

With trembling fingers Eugene sealed these "items" in an envelope, and when he went to the village dropped them into the postoffice while the postmaster wasn't looking. Friday the village paper came out with the "items," and Eugene was the proudest boy in Indiana. He continued to furnish items for the village paper, and all the time the desire to become a newspaper man grew stronger. On the occasion of great events Eugene would come up to Indianapolis and watch the reporters for the great daily papers. He always crowded up near the speakers' platform, not because he expected to pay any attention to what was said, but because he desired to see what the city reporters looked like and how they did their work. After each visit Eugene was more and more determined to be a city newspaper reporter. But how could he get a start in the business? After many months of meditation he wrote a letter to the editor of one of the Indianapolis dailies, asking if it would be possible for a young man to get a position of any kind. The letter closed with: "I don't care how low the place is to begin with. All I want is a chance to work up." The stern editor's brief reply was:

"THEY CALLED ME TOW-HEAD."

"We have a hundred applications for places on file, and I am unable to make any promises. The best way to get a start on a newspaper is to be on the ground, and if a man is needed the city editor may give him a trial."

Eugene read the letter over many times and then decided that he would go to Indianapolis and take his chances, if he had to wait months before being given a trial. Two weeks later Eugene, just of age, bade good-by to the Blackmores, who had been so kind to him, and went to the capital to wait for a trial.

The editor was opening his afternoon mail when a red-faced young man, plainly dressed, and awkward in movement, walked into the room, hat in hand. "I—am—Eugene—Blackmore. I—wrote—you—about—a position—a few weeks ago," stammered the young man, for his heart was way up in his throat.

"We haven't any vacancies now; you might talk with the city editor, though," said the editor.

Eugene was shown into another room, where he was kindly received by the young man at the city desk. The city editor made about the same reply as the managing editor, but he rather liked the honest face of the young man, and asked him some questions about himself.

"Are your parents living?" asked the city editor.

"That I don't know," replied Eugene. "I suppose I am an orphan. My first recollection is of an orphan asylum in New York. The people there didn't seem to know anything about me any more than that I had been brought there by a policeman. I was brought West and given to the gentleman and lady who reared me, and whose name I took. I hope to some time find out who I am."

The city editor looked at the young man thoughtfully for a minute, and then said: "Well, drop up every day or two if you stay in town. I would like to give you an opportunity to see what you can do."

* * * * * * *

"I like the look of that fellow," remarked the city editor to the reporters in the room, after the young man had gone. "I am going to see what's in him if I get a chance."

"By the way," continued the city editor, "I wonder what has become of our old Englishman. He hasn't been around for several days. We must look him up. Maybe he has struck a clue at last. Have any of you run across anything new in the case since we practically gave it up?" (The reporters all shook their heads, and said "no" with disgust.)

"Queer case, isn't it? Nothing to work from; but the old man seemed to have a sort of presentiment that his child is in Indianapolis. If we could solve the mystery it would make a capital story, but I don't think that will ever be done. We musn't lose track of the old man, though. Remind me of the case to-morrow, and I will see what else can be done."

* * * * * * *

Eugene felt encouraged by the interest the city editor had shown in him. That night he sat up until after the city clock had tolled the hour of twelve, thinking of his strange case. Here he was in a city without friends, and, so far as he knew, without a single relative in the whole world. Then his thoughts turned to his unknown parentage. "Who am I?" "Can it be possible that my father or mother is living?" "Should I not make an effort to unravel the mystery that surrounds my childhood?" He thought a long while over the last question, and his decision was that as soon as he was able he would go New York, and trace out if possible the mystery of his early years.

J. P. Homaday

V.

What Happened on Christmas Day.

It would be impossible to imagine a more perfect Christmas morning. There was a crispness in the still, keen air, and the rising sun glittered on an earth paved with diamonds of frost set in a bed of snow. Everybody connected with the paper was on hand early that morning. Holiday? Yes, it was a holiday for most of the people of this busy city, but for the newspaper men, no. When the public rests or plays it demands its newspapers more than ever, and expects them to be even better than on ordinary days. Because of this, the force was at work half an hour earlier than common.

In a short time the whole building, from the press-room in the basement to the sky parlor where the chief editor was fulminating a leader on the necessity of a reform of the tariff, was humming like a hive of bees. The elevator which carried the locked forms of type from the composing-room to the basement and back again, rumbled and creaked in its dark tunnel. The whirring of ventilating fans, the subdued roar of the perfecting presses and the rattle and bang of the stereotyping machinery arose through the various stories fainter and fainter, until, just under the roof, the chief editor heard it so indistinctly that he supposed it was only the sound made by his brain, engaged in profound thought. Electric bells connecting the various departments rang frequent signals. The copy-box made rapidly-repeated trips between the editorial and composing-rooms, and the foreman of the composing-room whistled furiously down the tube that "the first edition had already been over-set five columns." Telegraph boys stumbled up and down stairs and slammed the doors when they thought to shut them at all. The counting-room, on the ground floor, shot frequent messages to the editorial and composing rooms through pneumatic tubes which discharged their missiles like huge pop-guns. Everywhere there was rush, and, to the unitinated, confusion.

A new reporter had been given a trial that morning. He was a quiet, modest young fellow—Eugene Blackmore—and the boys all took to him from the first. The city editor made the assignments for the day earlier than usual because he said if "the gang" would "hustle things," they would get the copy all in and send the last edition to press at 2 o'clock, then go home and surprise the folks. The police reporter departed with instructions to get something suitable to the day around police headquarters, if possible. The "religious" reporter was to "do" the services at the churches. The market reporter was dispatched to the union station to make notes of the travel, as there were no markets that day. The political, and sporting, and railroad, and special reporters were in turn sent away with orders to bring in something appropriate to the season. Then the city editor turned to the new reporter, who had not yet heard the story and told him of Silas Enfield.

"I am strangely interested in the case of this old man," the editor said, "and would be most happy to do something for him. I can't see, though, that there is any possibility of finding the lost wife and child after so many years. Mr. Enfield promised to come in to-day. Maybe you can suggest something to help him."

An hour afterward Eugene, waiting for orders, saw an old man come in. From the description he had received he felt from the first it was Enfield. There was the look of utter weariness and despair upon the seamed face, the fringing locks of white hair, the far-away, unseeing expression of the eyes. The young man was introduced as the reporter who was going to "give special attention to the case."

"What is your name? (with sudden agitation). I did not quite catch it." When Eugene had told him, the old man sighed deeply. "I have looked for her until I fancy I see her in stranger's faces," he said. Then the two walked away.

The reporters had gone out. The city editor had swiped his paste brush by mistake into the inkstand, and was making things interesting when a middle-aged man came in with an old lady. The man introduced himself as John Blackmore, and inquired for his adopted son, whom he had been informed was employed on the paper. After that there followed a prolonged conversation, during which the door to the editor's room was closed. The partition separating the room from one adjoining did not reach the ceiling, and the office boy, on the other side, afterward declared, with a fine show of sincerity, that he did not try to listen, but that in spite of himself he caught the words, "insane seven years—child taken to orphan asylum—gone, when sanity returned—many years of searching—found trace at last—came to Blackmore twenty-four hours ago."

When the boys came in at noon the city editor wore so expansive a smile that it became a topic for a good deal of facetious side remark.

"Old man's been roasting somebody, and feels mighty happy over it," remarked the police reporter, as he took a handful of rumpled notes out of his pocket, threw his overcoat into the corner, and made a clean sweep of the cockroaches on his desk.

"Now, boys, 'boil everything down to the bone.' We've got 'em stuck upstairs. They say they can't set up another line of copy, and the telegraph editor has got a dead duke and a massacre in Timbuctoo yet to come. We'll have to cut the bishop's sermon down to ten lines. I've already 'killed' John L. Sullivan and Rev. Tobias Jones, besides a lot of miscellaneous stuff that was not 'musty.' We want to get out of here and lock up shop at 2 o'clock, sharp." So spoke the city editor with the ghost of his smile still lurking at the corners of his mouth.

When Eugene came in he found Blackmore waiting for him. "Father [he always called him so], I shall succeed here. I have been working on a big thing, and am making headway. I was to find a mother and her boy, and have heard of a woman who knows all about them, I am expecting her every minute now, for she was to meet me here at half-past 1. If I am on the right track my fortune as a reporter is made."

"I have news for you," Blackmore said, apparently ignoring the young man's enthusiastic comments, and speaking in a voice that trembled with suppressed excitement. "A few weeks ago I received a letter from New York. The writer inquired about the boy I had adopted years ago and said she was closely bound to him by ties of kinship. I corresponded with her, and the result is that your identity is fully established. She lost you when you were a child, and has devoted her life ever since to searching for you. The writer was—" Blackmore hesitated.

"Quick, tell me," cried the boy in an agony of suspense.

"—— was your mother."

Eugene was choking under the sudden news. He seized hat and coat, and grasping Blackmore by the arm was about to drag him from the room. "Where is she? I must see her. Hurry; in the name of mercy, hurry. My mother alive and—" Eugene paused and his face fell.

"My father, what of him?" he asked.

"He sailed across the sea before you were born, and has never been heard from," Blackmore said.

"Well, the more need I should go to mother instantly. Only to think, she has been searching for me all these years. I must start now. Where is she?"

"FOR YEARS I HAVE SOUGHT IN VAIN."

"You said you were looking every minute for somebody. She has already come, and is the same person I have been talking about."

Blackmore walked over and opened a door. The reporters did not get a good view of the old lady, who rushed into her son's arms. There was a dimness in their eyes just then. And when there came, a moment later, the sound of a step on the stair and Silas Enfield entered the room and with a look of heavenly joy on his face put his arms about the interlocked forms of his wife and son those reporters cried; cried like children, and the city editor leaned his head upon his hands and actually sobbed aloud.

When the managing editor came in to see "what in tarnation is holding back city 'close'" he found a very moist but sufficient reason. And this is why "Eugene" became "Silas" and why the office was not closed until half-past 2 o'clock on that beautiful Christmas day.

Ernest P. Bicknell.

Impertinent Curiosity.

[Texas Siftings.]

"How old are you?" asked a justice of the peace of Jim Webster, who was under arrest for stealing chickens.

"I dunno," said the darkey.

"When were you born?"

"What am de use o' me tellin' you 'bout my buff day; you ain't gwine to make me no buff-day present."

"Stick to the Farm, Boys."

[Peru Sentinel.]

Glittering outside show should not tempt the farmer boy to try his fortune in the wall-incompassed confines of the city. A reasonable recompense on the farm is far better than the Aladdin promises of the city.

THE MERCANTILE WORLD

'TIS A QUIET PLACE TO-DAY WITH TRADE SUSPENDED.

The Greatest of Holidays—Something of Shoes and Leather—Frequent Changes in the Style of Lasts.

Indianapolis Wholesale Market.

Trade everywhere is suspended to-day, the holiday of holidays. Exchanges are closed, and merchants have turned from the noise of commerce to the quiet pleasures of home. Yesterday's prices nominally hold over for to-day.

For the next two months, says the Boston Commercial Bulletin, shoe salesmen returning to Boston after having visited every State, Territory, town and village in the country, will tell their employers all about the shoes which will be in demand in the spring and summer of 1891. Consultations between the men who make shoes and the men who sell them will be frequent and the result of those conferences will have important bearing upon the patronage which each manufacturer will receive. In every instance the main theme of this interchange of opinion will be lasts. Styles in lasts change frequently. One firm of last manufacturers in Brockton has within a few years made seven thousand pairs of models. In 1885 this firm produced 23,000 pairs of lasts. This year their output will be over 80,000 pairs. The rivalry among manufacturers to procure the "latest thing in lasts" is fully as keen as is the rivalry to secure customers for shoes. The advance in the manufacture of lasts since 1880 has been a remarkable feature of the shoe-building industry. The brogan last had a high top with a thick cone. The first step in the march of improvement was to make the last thinner through the sides and the section known as the "hold-back part." The conformation of the last used in 1880 was such that the leather in the shoe was loose at the sides of the feet. To-day the leather fits closely to the feet. Since 1880 a new standard of measurement has been adopted. Before this reform was made effective, the last was one-quarter of an inch (one size) larger on the instep than at present. By reducing the instep measure and keeping the ball measure full, the fit is greatly improved. Formerly the last of persimmon and maple was air-dried. Now it is both kiln and air-dried. Ten years ago we had no opera toe. To be sure there was something which suggested it; it was a last having a toe narrower than the opera, with much more "spring;" but from that the famous opera was evolved. The New Orleans, the Waukenphast and the Picadilly have of late years been pronounced favorites. At the present time the Picadilly is in greatest demand. The standard lasts, however are the London and French toes. The last manufacturer a few years ago was accustomed to turn from an 8-3 model all widths, the grading of which was more or less imperfect. Now models are made for the different widths. This affords much better results, retaining the shape and securing the desired proportions in all parts of the last. Suppose an 8-3 last had a 1½ inch spring; by turning from one model the spring would lessen in the narrow widths and increase in the wider widths. Thus the wider widths would become more stocky and bungling. To-day, by getting the right proportions, the last-maker has a new starting point; and it is to this advance more than to any other individual feature that the superior fit of shoes is now obtained.

"How does this year compare with 1889 in the matter of failures in the shoe and leather trade?" This question was, on Thursday, submitted to the highest New England authority on credits. The response was in these words: "Up to the present time there have been no more failures in 1890 than for the corresponding period of 1889. To be a little more accurate, the comparison is in favor of the current year. In 1889 there were many small failures. This year the average per assignment has been larger. The preferences have been such that a smaller proportion of creditors have realized anything substantial. This subject of assignments is fast becoming a vital one, in the shoe trade particularly. We need a national law to remedy this growing and threatening evil."—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Dry Goods.

Brown Cotton—American LL, 36 inches, 5½c; Atlantic A, 36 inches, 7¼c; Atlantic H, 36 inches, 7c; Atlantic P, 36 inches, 6c; Atlantic II, 36 inches, 5½c; Atlantic Comet, 36 inches, 7c; Archery, 36 inches, 4¼c; Amory, 36 inches, 7¼c; Argyle, 36 inches, 6¾c; Arrow, 36 inches, 5¾c; Boot C, 36 inches, 5½c; Boot 2X, 36 inches, 6¼c; Buckshead, 36 inches, 6½c; Badger LL, 36 inches, 5½c; Clinton CCC, 36 inches, 6½c; Exposition A, 36 inches, 6¼c; Honest Width, 36 inches, 6¾c; Lawrence LL, 36 inches, 5½c; Lancaster A, 36 inches, 7c; Lancaster B, 36 inches, 6½c; Sea Island LL, 36 inches, 5½c; Statue Liberty, 36 inches, 6½c; Uncle Remus, 36 inches, 5¼c; Pepperell, 9-4, 20c; Pepperell, 10-4, 22c; Utica 9-4, 22½c; Utica, 10-4, 25c.

Prints—Allen, fancy, 6c; American shirting, 4½c; American indigo, 6c; Arnold indigo, 6c; Arnold Long Cloth B, 10c; Arnold Long Cloth C, 8½c; Berwick fancy, 4c; Berlin, Turkey red, 7c; Cocheco, fancy, 6c; Cocheco, madders, 5c; Eddyston, fancy, 6½c; Harmony, 5c; Hamilton, red, 6½c; Manchester, 6½c; Merrimac shirting, 4½c; Merrimac prints, 6½c; Merrimac purple, 6½c; Orion robes, 5½c; Pacific robes, 6½c; Simpson mournings, 6½c; Simpson Silver Grey, 6½c; Washington, Turkey red, 6½c; Windsor, fancies, 6½c.

Colored Cambrics—Edwards, 4½c, Concord, 4c; Slater, 4c.

Bleached Cottons—Ballardvale, 36 inches, 6c; Blackstone AA, 36 inches, 8c; Cabot, 36 inches, 7½c; Dwight Anchor, 36 inches, 9c; Dwight Anchor, 42 inches, 11c; Dwight Anchor, 45 inches, 12c; Diamond Field, 36 inches, 6½c; Ellerton W S, 36 inches, 7c; Farwell, 36 inches, 8c; Farwell, 42 inches, 10½c; Farwell, 45 inches, 11½c; Fruit, 36 inches, 9c; Fairmount Q, 36 inches, 6c; First Call, 36 inches, 6c; Glendale XX, 36 inches, 5½c; Harvest E, 36 inches, 6½c; Hill "Semper Idem," 36 inches, 8c; Lonsdale, 36 inches, 8½c; Masonville, 36 inches, 9c; New York Mills, 36 inches, 11c; Pepperell, 8-4, 20c; Pepperell, 9-4, 22c; Pepperell, 10-4, 24c; Pride of the West, 36 inches, 11½c; Peabody H, 36 inches, 5¾c; Rosalind, 36 inches, 7¾c; Utica, 9-4, 25c; Utica, 10-4, 27½c; Wamsutta, 36 inches, 11c.

Ginghams—Amoskeag, 7c; Amoskeag Persian, 8½c; Lancaster, 7c; Lancaster Normandie, 8c; Renfrew dress styles, 8½c; Renfrew novelties, 10½c.

Rolled Cambric—Garner & Company, 5½c; Masonville, 5½c; high colors, 6½c.

Silesia—Lonsdale, 12½c; English A, 10½c; Royal, 10c; Argus, 8½c.

Drills—Crescent A, 8c; Crescent C, 7½c; John P. King, 7c; boat sail, 8½c.

Checks—Amoskeag, 9½c; Economy, 7½c; New South, 7½c; Rotunda, 6¾c; Rescue, 6½c; Mt. Pleasant, 5c; City 4½c.

Ticking—Amoskeag, ACA, 12½c; Cordis, ACE, 12½c; Conestoga, BF, 14½c; Conestoga, FF, 14½c; Falls, 36 inches, 14½c; Hamilton awning, 10c; Lenox extra, 20c; Lenox fancy book fold, 18c; Diamond book fold, 16c; Oakland AF, 6½c; Lewiston, 36 inches, 14½c; Lewiston, 32 inches, 12½c; Lewiston, 30 inches, 10½c; York, 32 inches, 12½c; York, 30 inches, 10½c; Uxbridge, 5½c.

Groceries.

Sugars—Hards, 6⅛@8¼c; confectioners' A, 6⅝@6⅛c; off A, 6@6¼c; coffee A, 5⅝@6c; white extra C, 5⅜@5½c; extra C, 5¼@5⅜c; good yellow, 5⅛@5⅜c; fair yellow, 5⅜@5½c; common yellow, 5⅛@5⅜c.

Canned Goods—Blackberries, 2lb, $1.10@1.20, cherries, red, $1.15@1.25; cove oysters, 1lb full weight, $1.25@1.35; 1lb light weight, 80@90c; 2lb full weight $2.35@2.40; 2lb light weight, $1.20@1.30. Lobsters, $2.25@2.50. Lima beans, $1.20@1.30. Peaches—Standard 3lb, $2.75@3.00; seconds 3lb, $2.50@2.75; pie, $1.90@2.00; pie, 6lb, $2.25@3.50. Pineapples—Standard, 2lb, $1.40@1.75; seconds, 2lb, $1.20@1.30. Raspberries, 2lb, $1.45a1.55. String beans, 75a85c. Strawberries $1.25a1.30. Salmon, 1lb, $1.50a2.00. Whortleberries, $1.00a1.20. Pineapples, Bahama, $2.50a2.75. Plums, damsons, 2lb, $1.10a1.20. Peas—Sifted, $2.00a2.25; early June, $1.50a1.75; marrow, $1.10a 1.25; soaked, 75a85c. Tomatoes, 3lb, $1.00a1.25. Corn, sugar, 95ca$1.50.

Dried Fruit—Apples, evaporated, 15@18c; apples, sun-dried, 10@12c; peaches, evaporated, 20@28c; peaches, sun-dried, common to choice, 7@16c; Currants, 6½@7½c; citron, 24@26c; prunes, Turkish, new 9@9½c; raisins, loose, per box, $2.50@2.75; raisins, Valencia, per lb., 9@12c.

Roasted Coffees—Banner, Lion, Arbuckle's, Gates's blended Java and McCune's Arabian, 25c¼; Schnull & Co.'s standard, 24¾c; Bulk, roasted in fifty-pound bags—Capitol, 25c; Pilot, 24c; Dakota, 23½c; Brazil, 22½c.

Green Coffees—Ordinary, 21½@22½c; good, 22½@23½; choice, 24½@25½c; fancy, 25½@26½c; Java, 29½@33½c.

Nuts—Almonds, Taragonia, 18@20c; almonds, Ivica, 16@18c; Brazil nuts, new, 17a18c; filberts, 12½a13c; walnuts, Naples, 17c; walnuts, French 14c; pecans, Western, 10a11c; peanuts, virginia, best, 11a12c; peanuts, Virginia, good, 10a11c; peanuts, Tennessee white, best, 9a10c; peanuts, Tennessee, white, good, 9a10c.

Spices—Unground—Allspice, 10@15c; cassia, 10@15c; mace, 90c@$1.00; nutmeg, 75@90c; cloves, 22@30c; ginger 15@20c; pepper, 15½a20c.

Twine—Hemp, 14a18c; wool, 10a12c; flax, 18a25c; paper, 17c; jute, 12a15c; cotton, 16a25c.

Woodenware—No. 1 tubs, $8.00a$8.25; No. 2 tubs, $7.00a7.25; No. 3 tubs, $6.00a$6.25; pails, 3 hoops, $1.60a$1.65; 2 hoops, $1.35a$1.40.

Miscellaneous—Groceries—New Orleans Molasses—Fair to prime, 35a45c; choice 40a55c. Sirups—Medium, 30a40c; choice 40a45c. Beans—Hand-picked peas, $2.50a$2.60; marrow, $2.85a$3.00. Coal Oil—7½a14c, according to degrees. Rice—Carolina, 5¼a7½c; Japan, 6¼a7½c. Lake Salt—In car lots, 95c; in a small way, $1.00a$1.05. Starch—Pearl, 4⅝c; Champion Gloss, 1 and 3-lb packages, 6½c; corn, 1-lb packages, 6¾a7c. Candy—Stick, 8a8½c per lb; common mixed, 8a8½c.

Indianapolis Provision Market.

Smoked Meats—Sugar cured hams, "Reliable" brand, 17½ lb, 9½c; 15 lb, 9¾c; 12½ lb, 10¼c; 10 lb, 11c; block hams, 15@20 lb average, 10c; California hams, 10@14 lb average, 6½c. Breakfast Bacon—Clear, English cured, 9c. Shoulders, English cured, 12 lb average, 6½c; 16 lb average, 6c. Bacon—Clear sides, 25 lb average, 7c; 40 lb average, 7c; clear bellies, 11 lb average, 7¼c; 16 lb average, 6¾c; clear backs, 8 lb average, 7c; 15 lb average, 7c. Flitches—Short backs, 8 lb average, 6¼c. Dried beef hams—9½c; special selections, knuckle pieces, or inside pieces, 10c; beef tongues, 40c. Bologna—Cloth, 5½c; skin, large or small, 6c; Wienerwurst 7½c.

Dry-Salt and Pickled Meats—Clear sides, bellies and backs ½c less than smoked; short fat backs, 8 lbs. average, 5¾c; bean pork, clear, ℔ bbl. 200 lbs., $14.00; ham and rump pork, ℔ bbl. 200 lbs., $11.50.

Lard—Pure kettle-rendered, in tierces, 7¼c.

Fresh Meats—Beef—Sides, steer, 5½a6c; heifer, 4¼a4¾c; cow, 3¾a4¼c; forequarters, 1½c less; hindquarters, 2c over. Veal, 8c. Lamb, 10c. Mutton, 9c. Pork—Dressed hogs, 6¾c; loins, fat trimmed off, 10a18 lbs. average, 6½c; over 18 lbs. 6¼c; tenderloins, 12½c; spare ribs, 5c; trimmings, 5c; pork sausage, link, 6¾c; bulk, 6½c.

Game—Quail, 60c@$1.00; prairie chickens, $3.00@3.50; rabbits, 40c per dozen.

Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.

The following are dealers' selling prices: Fruits — Apples — Common, $3.00a3.50; choice, $4.50a5.00; fancy, $5.00a5.50 per barrel. Cranberries—$11.00a14.00 per barrel, box, $4.00a4.25. Bananas—Select $1.75a2.25 per bunch; medium, $1.25a1.50; small, 50a75c. Oranges — Louisianas, $3.50a3.75 per box; Floridas, $3.25a4.00 per box. Lemons — Choice 300s, $4.50a4.75 per box; fancy, $5.00a5.50. Grapes—Catawba, 50c per basket; Malaga (heavy weight), $7.50a8.00; medium, $7.00a7.50 per barrel. Figs—Bags, 7½a8c; boxes, 13½a16c per pound. Dates—50-pound boxes, 6½a7c; 10-pound boxes, 12a14c.

Vegetables—Potatoes—Wisconsin, 85@90c per bushel; Michigan, $1.10@1.20; home grown, inferior, 50@75c. Sweet Potatoes—Jerseys, $4.00@4.25; Baltimores, $2.75@3.00; Kentucky, $2.75@3.00. Celery—20a25c per bunch; fancy white Michigan, 50c per bunch. Onions—$2.75a3.00 per barrel. Cabbage—Home grown, $1.50a1.75 per barrel.

Miscellaneous produce—Cider—Duffy, $7.00a7.50 per 32-gallon barrel; Carson's, $7.00a7.25. Vinegar—Duffy's cider, 15c per gallon. Honey—One-pound caps, 20c per pound. Hickory nuts—75a90c per bushel; shell barks, $1.25a1.50.

Raw Furs.

Racoon, black and nearly black, $1.00@2.00; No. 1, large, good colors, 70c; No. 1, large, medium colors, 50@60c; No. 1, small and medium, 40@50c; No. 2, 30c; No. 3, 20c; No. 4, 8c. Mink—No. 1, large, dark, 65c; No. 1, large, pale, 50c; No. 1, small, and No. 2, 30c; No. 3 and cotton, 10@20c; No. 4, 6c. Muskrat—Winter, 3a15c; fall, 2a12c. Opossum—No. 1, large and full-furred, 12½c; No. 1, medium large, 7a8c; No. 1, open, 6c. Red Fox—No. 1 cased, $1; No. 1 open, 60c; No. 2 cased, 75c; No. 3, 40c; No. 4, 5a10c. Gray Fox—10a60c. Skunk—Black, star, fine, 90c; No. 1, small star, 70c; No. 1, short stripe, 50c; narrows, 25a30c; whites and unseasonable, 10a40c. House Cat—Black, 5a15c; common, 6c. Wild Cat—No. 1, 40c; No. 2, 20c. Otter—$1.00a7.00. Wolf—No. 1 gray, timber, $1.50; No. 1, prairie, 50a75c.

Leading Drugs, Etc.

Morphine, $2.50@2.75; quinine, 30@45c; opium, $3@3.25; chinconidia, 10@16c; borax, 12@13c; camphor, 50@55c; alcohol, $2.30@2.40; asafœtida, 14@16c; alum, 3½c; chloroform, 60@65c; copperas, per cwt., 90c@$1.00; cream of tartar, pure, 33@38c; castor oil, $1.18@1.24; oil of bergamot, per pound, $3.75@4.25; soda bicarb, 5@6c; salts Epsom, 3@4c; sulphur, 3@4c; saltpeter, 10@15c; turpentine, 45@50c; glycerine, 19@23c; bromide of potash, 40@42c; lard oil, 55@65c; linseed oil, 57@59c; alum, 3@4c; white lead, 7¼c; iodide of potash, $3@3.10; carbolic acid, 28@38c; ginseng, $3 per pound.

Eggs, Poultry, Butter, Etc.

The following are shippers paying prices: Eggs—Per dozen, 18c.

Live Poultry—Hens, 5½c per pound; spring chickens, 5½c; cocks, 3c; choice turkeys, 8c; young turkeys, small, 5@6c; old toms, 6c; ducks, 5½c; geese (full feathered), $4.80a5.40 per dozen.

Butter—Choice roll country, 10@11; good country, 6@8c.

Feathers, Etc.—Prime goose feathers, 35c per pound; duck, 20c; rags, 90c cwt; new shell bark hickory nuts, $1.25 cwt; large, 60c; beeswax, 15@18c per pound.

Iron and Hardware.

Bar iron, $2@2.10; wrought charcoal bar, $3. Horseshoes — Burden's, $4.25; Perkins's; $4.25@4.35; Walker's, $4.25@4.35; mule shoes, $5.25; cut-nail rate for 50s to 60s, steel nails, $2; horse, $4.50 per box; wire nails, rate $2.50. Barb-wire—Galvanized, $3.40; plain annealed fence wire, $2.30; galvanized, 60c advance; 10, 11 and 12 sizes the regular advances. Powder—$5.50 for 25-lb. keg. Shot—$1.45 a sack. Loaded shells—12 gauge, $1.45; 10 gauge, $1.65 per 100.

Seeds.

Clover—Extra choice, recleaned, $4@4.25 per bushel; choice, $3.90@4.10; prime, $3.50@3.85; alsyke (as to quality), $5.50@7.50; alfalfa, $5.25@6; white Dutch (as to quality), $5.25@7.50. Timothy—Fancy, $1.60@1.70; choice, $1.55@1.60; strictly prime, $1.50@$1.55. Blue Grass—Fancy Kentucky, $3@3.25; English choice, $2@2.10. Orchard Grass—Choice, $1.90a2. Red Top—Choice, 50a60c.

Tinners' Supplies.

Best brand charcoal tin, IC 10x14, 12x12 and 14x20, $7.25a7.50; IX 10x14, 12x12 and 14x20, $8.75a9.00; roofing tin IC 14x20, $6.00a6.25; 20x28, $12.00a12.50; tin in pigs 28c, in bars 28c; iron 27B, 3½c; 27C iron, 5a5½c; best bloom galvanized iron, 60 per cent. discount; sheet zinc, 7¾c; copper bottoms, 27c; planished copper, 33c; solder, 16a17c.

Hides, Tallow and Grease.

Dealers' paying prices—No. 1 green hides, 4c; No. 2, 3c; No. 1 g. s., 5½c; No. 2 g. s., 4¼c; dry flint, 7c; salt dry hides, 6c; sheepskins, lambs, 60ca$1; horse hides, $2. Tallow—Prime, 4c; No. 2, 3½c. Grease—Brown, 2½c; yellow, 3c; white, 4c.

Leather.

Oak sole, 27@33c; hemlock sole, 23@29c; harness, 28@33c; skirting, 35@36c; black bridle per dozen, $60@65; fair bridle, $60@75 per dozen; city kip, 60@90c; French kip, 85ca$1; city calf skins, 75ca$1.10; French calf skins, $1a1.70.

Flour.

Winter wheat, patent, $5.65@5.75; spring wheat, patent, $5.65@5.75; winter wheat, straight, $4.80@4.90; winter, family, $4.50; winter, extra, $3.75; low grade, $3.25.

Wool.

Tub-washed, 30@35c; unwashed of medium and common grade, 22@25c; coarse, burry and cotted, 18@22c.

FELONS OR WHITLOWS.

By Either Name They are Excruciatingly Painful.

[Youth's Companion.]

The medical name of this affection is whitlows. Every one who has been attacked by a felon will admit that it richly deserves its name. The Saxon name whitlow—a white flame—refers to the intense burning pain which attends it, and the whitened skin over the matured abscess.

There are four forms, though if neglected the first may run into the second, and originates at the side of the nail in the true skin under the scarf-skin, or cuticle. The pain is not at first severe; but if the cuticle is not opened and cut away with scissors, the skin may ulcerate and the pus work its way beneath the nail.

In the second form the flesh of the first joint (phalanx) is inflamed, in consequence of some injury, or perhaps from the extension to it of the first form. The tip of the finger swells and throbs with burning pain, and pus is soon formed. Unless the abscess is opened early the pus may burrow into the tendom sheath, thus giving rise to the third form, or even into the substance of the bone, as in the fourth form.

In the third form, the inflammation begins in the sheath that incloses the flexor tendons, those which bend the finger. Unless the pus is evacuated quite early, it destroys the tendon, burrows into the other joints (phalanges), and destroys the finger. It may even extend to destroy the entire hand. In some cases it has proven fatal.

In the fourth kind—and this is the kind that is more commonly called a felon—the inflammation is in the pumbrane (periosteum) that invests the bone of the first phalanx. It is this periosteum on which the life of the bone depends and heals it when broken. It can even replace with new bone large portions which may have been removed.

If left to itself the pus has to work its way to the surface from the very bone itself, the patient suffering unbearable agony for several days and as many sleepless nights. An incision to the bone alone gives relief.

In each form of the whitlow hot applications are helpful. The incision should be performed by a skillful physician, who will avoid arteries and be sure of the location of the pus, for it often seems to be in front, when it is on the back of the bone.

The "Objector's" Views.

[Washington special Chicago Herald.]

Judge Holman, of Indiana, is opposed to any further increase of the number of Representatives. "The present number," he says, "can attend to all the wants of the people. If we go on increasing the number of Representatives responsibility will be too much divided, absenteeism will increase, the quorum will have to be made a smaller part of the whole House, and thus legislation will continue in the hands of a few men. The House is already so large that nobody but a chairman of committee amounts to anything. Members now leave the House without asking leave. I can remember seeing John J. Crittenden standing up here and begging for ten minutes for one day's leave of absence. In the old times a member was expected to be on hand all the while, and leaves of absence were rare. If we get thirty-six more men in here we'll be so crowded that we may have to take the desks out. When I first came to Congress in 1859 there were no desks. Members sat on long benches, and the only desks they had were little drawers under the benches in front of them. What were these drawers used for? Chiefly to keep our pistols in. General Singleton, of Mississippi, who used to sit beside me, came in every morning, took a big revolver from his pocket and put it in the drawer where it could be easily reached. If we take out the desks, stop the writing and bring the members nearer together and nearer the Speaker we'll have better order and do more business."

"Society" Disappearing.

[Theodore Child in January Harper's.]

In this democratic nineteenth century, "society," in the old and aristocratic sense of the term is disappearing. People of a certain class and certain means do certain things at certain times because other people of the same class and the same means do likewise. There is a universal tendency toward the equalization of luxury and of the exterior manifestations of refinement. Social habits are formed on the models established by two or three great centers of civilization, and all the life that you find elsewhere is a more or less reflection of the real article. With the increase of facilities of communication originality of all kinds decreases, and the search for local color becomes more and more hopeless.

Reign of Thieving in Chicago.

[Chicago Herald.]

Burglars, footpads and sneak thieves have not been so numerous in Chicago for many years as during the present winter. They comprise a great army, whose outposts patrol the city's limits, and whose exploits both in daylight and darkness almost surpass belief. Houses are looted by scores, men and women are choked, sandbagged and robbed in the public streets, business offices and stores are invaded in broad daylight, and nearly every other form of crime is committed daily in all three divisions without interference on the part of the police. The latter are seemingly helpless to check the high carnival, which began with the advent of cold weather and has been getting worse every day since.

The Latest Hypnotic Subject.

"Spontaneous hypnotism" is the name given to the peculiar condition into which Mrs. Edward Day, of Hancock, Minn., has fallen. Her husband left the house one day last October to go to the barn, and on his return his wife shrieked and bade him leave the room. He expostulated, but she denied ever having seen him, insisting that her name was Margaret Hill and that she lived in Philadelphia. All efforts of friends and physicians to convince her to the contrary were unavailing. Being asked her age, she answered "fifty-six," though she is only twenty-four. She was sane on all other subjects. Three weeks later she was again in her normal mind. A week afterward she once more fancied herself Margaret Hill, spinster, of Philadelphia.

Proven Worthy of Friendship.

[Rochester Republican.]

The real personal worth of an individual can not always be judged by the number of friends surrounding him at any one time, but if he is constantly supported by the best people in the community it is pretty conclusive that he has proven himself worthy of their friendship.

Impossible.

[Washington Post.]

Is it not about time to make some good Indian agents?

Dogs Give It a Wide Berth.

D. A. Slaght, of Buffalo, N. Y., has a cat which weighs twenty-eight pounds.

Poetic Sentiment Provoked.

[Montrose (Pa.) Democrat.]

"Beautiful snow!" You're the stuff.

STATE NEWS.

Three otters were recently killed in DeKalb county.

The Phelps Hotel at Carthage has been destroyed by fire. Loss, $5,000.

Anderson is flooded with people who have no visible means of support.

The champion bad roads in the State are said to be located in Dearborn county.

George Ottman, of Huntington, fell under a load of staves and was fatally crushed.

Keller's saw-mill, at Silver Lake, in Kosciusko county, burned, causing $3,000 loss.

Mrs. Gen. Lew Wallace, of Crawfordsville, who has been very ill, is convalescing.

Frank Smith, of Noblesville, attempted to board a moving freight train and lost a leg.

Hon. Bayliss W. Hanna, of Crawfordsville, is dangerously prostrated by la grippe.

The Evansville Journal claims to be the oldest established daily newspaper in the State.

William J. Adelsperger, ex-Recorder of Adams county, died very suddenly of heart disease.

M. K. Donaldson, of Fort Wayne, was clubbed until insensible by footpads and robbed.

The Bloomingdale World has been resurrected and will be published as an independent paper.

Evansville is felicitating itself over a new jail, with hot and cold water baths, and a new patrol wagon.

Elder J. S. Tibbetts, aged sixty-eight, of Jeffersonville, died last night of a complication of ailments.

The hub and spoke factory of Winch & Son, of Fort Wayne, has been absorbed by the American wheel trust.

A show window at Crawfordsville has for an attraction seventeen opossums and four live pigs, while another exhibits a deer.

Charles Hiett, of Jackson township, Tippecanoe county, reports thirty acres of corn which harvested on an average 110 bushels per acre.

Mrs. Tresse, aged eighty, residing with her son, Mr. Fairman, in Tippecanoe county, was fatally burned by overturning a lighted lamp.

Watson Boslie's farm-house, in Bartholomew county, burned early yesterday, and the family barely escaped with their lives. Loss, $2,500.

Mrs. Freeling Fetters, of Andrews, whose husband was killed by a train, accepted $2,000 from the Wabash company in satisfaction of all damages.

The Farmers' Alliance is dickering with Elmer Clifford, looking to the erection of a large flour-mill at Anderson, and a grain elevator may also be added.

Greene county admits that there is a minister within its borders who cannot read the bible nor write his own name, yet he expounds the gospel and people go to hear him.

While the family of Milton Brown, of Plainfield, were at church a thief entered the house and stole $150. It is the first robbery committed in that place for two years.

John W. White, ex-Treasurer of Clay county, lost $4,300 of public funds by bank failures in 1884, and his friends are circulating a petition asking the Legislature to make it good.

David Irons, of Sugar Creek township, Montgomery county, enlisted as a soldier, but after a few days' stay in the barracks, he pined for home and deserted. Yesterday he was arrested.

Conrad Keiler, of Dubois county, a wealthy German, started to walk home from Kellersville, and he was found by the roadside with his skull crushed. It is supposed that he was murdered.

Rochester complains of monotonous Christmas times, and the Republican remarks: "The old song says, 'Every day will be Sunday, by and by,' and that time seems to be here in full force."

Henry Hoover, of Anderson, is accused of decoying John Griffe, a farmer, into a gaming room, where he was plucked of $80. Hoover has been arrested for robbery, and the State will also prosecute him for "bunco-steering."

J. A. Richley, of Englewood, is dead, of paralysis. During the war he served as captain in the Seventy-third Indiana, and while making a raid into the enemy's territory under General Streight was captured and imprisoned at Libby.

It develops that Charles Watson, a clerk, was sleeping in the store of Joseph Moore, at Trafalgar, when the burglars assayed to open the safe, and he was beaten until insensible. However, the alarm was given, and the burglars were compelled to flee.

T. G. Smith, of Huntington, served on the election board, and he was on duty twenty-two hours. The trustee allowed him two dollars, but he demands pay for every hour he served, and will appeal first to the Attorney-General and then to the courts.

A petition is circulating among the miners in Clay county, taking exceptions to the course pursued by the State mine inspector appointed by Governor Hovey, and asking the Legislature to make such changes as will prevent his longer continuance in office.

Micajah Phillips, of Clay county, began voting the Democratic ticket in 1816, and he has cast a similar vote for every presidential candidate from that day to the present, his last ballot being for Cleveland. He claims to be the oldest voting Democrat in the State.

Gustave Wahl, of Jeffersonville, went to Lexington to butcher cattle, and while in the act of cutting the throat of an animal which had been knocked in the head, he was kicked on his right hand and the knife driven through his left wrist. Wahl narrowly escaped bleeding to death.

Robert Marshall, a farmer of Fayette county, addicted to excessive dissipation, came in collision with a passenger train and was killed. Recently he deeded a farm of 175 acres of valuable land to a nephew, Mr. Amazia Hughes, conditioned that the latter care for him as long as he lived.

John F. Petilliott, of Columbus, the wife-murderer, before removal to prison to begin his life sentence arranged with his counsel that after his death a postmortem should be held over his remains to determine if his brain was affected. His family is dead, and no friends are left save his bird dog, "Dude."

Mervin Kuhns, the desperado under arrest at Fort Wayne, is convalescing from his numerous wounds received at the time of arrest. There is grave doubt that he can be convicted of the murder of Campau, at Fostoria, O., and he will likely be tried in Allen county for shooting Patrolman Kennelly, and for horse-stealing.

Milan is convulsed to its very center over a wrangle which originated in what is known as the Union Sunday-school. The Methodists were accused of trying to capture the school as an appendage to their church, and the row resulted in two Sunday-schools meeting at the same hour, over both factions of which the Unionists claim undisputed sway.

Old man VanWinkle, a prisoner in the Crawfordsville jail, who was whipped by Fred Pettit, makes a confession that his fellow-prisoners influenced him into believing that if he would torment Pettit into a fighting mood, Pettit afterward would beg his pardon and give him $5 to say nothing. He teased Pettit sure enough, until he was whipped, but Pettit gave him no money.

David Adkinson, of Marion, attempted suicide with strychnine, and may not recover. Some months ago his wife was accused of eloping with John Alvie, of Anderson, and Adkinson armed himself to kill Alvie, but Mrs. Adkinson returned home and denied the reports which had been set afloat. Adkinson brooded over the trouble, and this is supposed to have been the cause of his effort at self-destruction.

John Siberry has been found guilty of manslaughter in the Bluffton circuit court and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. The defendant is aged twenty-five. A few years ago he married a girl only fifteen years old, and some months ago he pointed a weapon at her and it was discharged, the bullet penetrating her heart and killing her instantly. He claimed that the shooting was accidental and that he was unaware the weapon was loaded, but the jury concluded to punish for manslaughter.

Hiram Roberts, near Kendallville, while running a ditch through his farm, exhumed several perfectly preserved skeletons of deer, found just as the creatures mired, possibly hundreds of years ago. One head was found with outspreading antlers of astonishing size, the length of the horn being forty-eight inches, and the measurement from tip to tip forty-one inches. Close to the head the circumference was twelve inches, and twenty inches from the head fifteen inches. The horn is black, glistening in the sun like polished ivory. It is regarded as an extremely valuable specimen, and Mr. Roberts is having it mounted.

Mrs. Johanna O'Daly, of Lafayette, familiarly known as "Mother O'Daly," for half a century resided in that city. Advanced age and financial troubles affected her mentally, but the dignity of her nature was maintained to the last. Although foreign-born, she was intensely American, and Lincoln and Morton were her idols. She is supposed to have committed suicide rather than suffer the humiliation of ejectment from her property, which had long been in litigation. It was her last request that she be buried by the G. A. R., and that Lincoln's favorite poem, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud," be read over her grave. It is said that this is the first time in its history where the G. A. R. officiated at the burial of a woman, but the honor was worthily bestowed.

Christmas With My Old Mother.

Oh! I never felt so happy as upon last Christmas night,
Coming near the little home where mother lives,
The familiar scenes of boyhood, and the window with the light,
And the joy anticipation ever gives.
Eager fingers tingled gladly as I opened the old gate,
And my feet, impatient, hurried to the door;
But her ear had caught my footsteps, and her love remembered well;
On the threshold mother met me as of yore.

Oh! I clasped her to my bosom, as she used to clasp her boy,
While her tears and loving kisses answered mine.
Then she led me to the table, where the good things kept for me
Were all waiting with the chair of auld lang syne.
She remembered ev'rything I liked, and how to make it best,
Serving me as though my place were still a child's;
Cakes and jellies, home-made candy, and ev'ry choicest thing,
Heaped before me with caresses and her smiles.

Oh! I seemed a very boy again, as we sat talking there,
And she told how she had thought of, prayed for me;
How I'd been a joy and comfort to her all her widowed life;
And her spirit, like an angel's, I could see.
How in every whistling boy that passed she heard me coming home,
So she had love-waited for me all the years;
Then, arising from the table, she would stand caressing me,
As she breathed on me a blessing through her tears.

When I went to bed she came to me and tucked the covers round,
In the dear old way that only mothers know.
Oh! I felt so blissful, peaceful, and so full of tender love
That all silent came my glad heart's overflow.
Happy, grateful, joyful tears I shed; ay, cried myself to sleep,
Dreaming in a heav'nly dream-land free from cares;
In my boyhood home and bed again, the covers tucked around,
Safely guarded by my dear old mother's pray'rs.
—[Lu B. Cake, in Harpers's Bazar.

A BURGLAR'S CURIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Surprising Outcome of an Attempt at Robbery in a Country Village.

[New York Sun.]

"About the most unpleasant experience I ever had," said a retired burglar, "was in a small village in the western part of the State. I looked around the town in the afternoon and located a house that seemed promising, and about a quarter past 2 o'clock the next morning I went in through the back door. The lower part of the house was nicely furnished, but I didn't want any bric-a-brac and I went right up stairs and turned into the first chamber I came to. There was a very dim light burning in the room, but it wasn't lighted enough to see by and I turned on my glim. The light just happened to strike the head of the bed and it woke up a man. He sat up and said as cool as could be: 'Well, what is it?' and I told him I wanted whatever dust he might have there and I wanted it soon. I had met cool men before, and I wasn't going to stand any bluff.

"He got out of bed and started for a bureau in the corner of the room. I kept the light on him all the time. He was a well-built young fellow, not more than twenty-four. He had a manly sort of a look about him, and I was almost ashamed to rob him. When he moved up toward the bureau I moved up, too, so as not to give him a chance to open a window and holler or get any other drop on me where I couldn't reach him. He had got about one more step to make to reach the bureau, and he was moving along as quiet as a man could, when, quicker'n lightning, he made a jump and butted me square off my feet before I knew what he was doing. My lamp fell one way and my jimmy the other, and the next second he fell on me so heavy that I thought he would grind me through the floor.

"I had a gun with me, but I didn't even have a chance to get hold of it. He grabbed both my wrists when we fell, and then somehow he managed to hold both of them with one hand and with the other he grabbed me by the neck, and he just simply dragged me out and threw me down stairs. I could hear myself banging all the way down, and I expected to be all broken up when I got there, but I wasn't. I was bruised, but all right. When I got up on my feet I looked up to the head of the stairs where the man was. His face had a serious kind of a look on it, but when he saw I wasn't much hurt he smiled and said:

"'Will you kindly close the door when you go out?'

"'I will,' I said, for I wasn't going to be out-done in politeness; 'but,' says I, 'will you kindly tell me where you got all that business?'

"'Oh,' says he, 'you mean the muscle business? Why, I am the half back of the Wyanoke College foot-ball team.'

"That made me mad, and says I: 'Then, why in thunder don't you hang out a sign and let people know who you are?'

"That seemed to make him mad, and he stopped smiling and started for the stairs, and I just went out and closed the door after me."

The Work of the Press.

[Boston Herald.]

The discussion of the making of newspapers before a Providence club on Saturday evening brought out one fact that is not much dwelt upon, but is of immense importance, and that is that the newspaper formulates the common consciousness of the community. It presents what is going on day by day so that it is focalized. People read the newspaper and say, "That's so," which means that what they were guessing at has been confirmed. It is this function that the newspaper serves, and it is not the reporter nor the editor alone that makes the press what it is as an organizer of opinion or a collector of news. Both work together, and the best paper is the one that contains the most accurate and the latest news and the fairest comments on them. It is such a paper that by a sort of instinct represents the common sense and the right lead of the community which it circulates in.

Sockless but Independent.

[New York World.]

It is said that soon after the election of "sockless" Jere Simpson to Congress from Kansas, a Jersey City manufacturer sent him a fine outfit of hosiery, comprising silk, woolen and cotton stockings of the finest texture. But Simpson declined to receive them and returned the bundle with a note which read: "Sir, our forefathers refused to drink tea because it was taxed 3 per cent., and held a tea party in Boston for the purpose of getting rid of the stuff. I have just finished figuring up the tax upon those stockings, and I find that it amounts to 70 per cent. I will wear no socks until the tax is taken off."

Expensive Shots.

Expensive things to fire away are the armor-piercing shot for which the United States Government lately advertised. The Carpenter Steel Company, of Reading, Pa., offered to supply eight-inch shot at $150 each, and ten-inch shot at $285. The Sterling Steel Company, of Pittsburg, proposed to furnish the eight-inch shot at $360 each and the ten-inch shot for $575.

Good Outlook for Obese Cemeteries.

[Lafayette Courier.]

Christmas trees are as bountiful as usual, but Christmas weather shows no signs of materializing, and the proverbial fat graveyard is apprehended.

DIED AS HE HAD LIVED.

END OF J. J. BAYARD, WHO WAS HIGHLY RELATED.

An Eccentric Uncle of the Ex-Secretary of State Who Expired in Texas Recently—Half a Century of Solitude — A Singular Tomb.

[San Antonio special Chicago Herald.]

Thirty-one miles northwest of San Antonio, on the Arkansas Pass railway, in the midst of mountains and on the banks of the river Cibolo, sits a quiet little town named Boerne. Its origin was romantic, and romance clings to every hill and vale. The county, Kendall, was organized by the celebrated editor Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, in 1860, but settlements were effected long prior, no less celebrated personages than old Ludwig of Bavaria, and the famous Lola Montez contributing to the colonization of this Utopian region. The gossip is that Ludwig, at the time the great beauty exercised her strongest influence over him, became jealous of one Zinck, a handsome officer of the Bavarian army. The jealous ruler sent Zinck to America in charge of a colony with sealed orders. What the orders were is not known, but Zinck immediately sought the proper authorities and became an American citizen, and brought his comrades to Boerne to swell a settlement already planted by German noblemen. Ever since immigration has been much of the same character. Here lives a brother of the celebrated beauty, Mrs. Cornwallis West, who is devoted to horses and racing. Here dwells, also, a German baron with an income of $10,000 per year, who has sought this evergreen Eden, that he may enjoy, without sneer, reproof or taunt, a love which was inspired by a comely and virtuous lass who was not in the old country his social equal. Many others of old world nobility reside on ranches among the scattered mountains within reach of the health springs, but no character was so highly esteemed nor so tenderly cared for as an old hermit who was born in 1800, one Dr. J. J. Bayard, an uncle of ex-Secretary of State Bayard, who died there Thursday.

A love affair drove him to the seclusion of these beautiful hills more than half a century ago, when the Indian, the wolf and the buffalo were almost his sole companions, and the hoot of the owl with its echoes were music of his solitary evenings. This half century he held his peace, and lived alone in a little hut consisting of a single room. It is the work of his own hands, and is strongly built of wood and stone. On the west side is a little round hole about one foot in diameter covered with glass. Immediately under this small aperture lay the pillow of the hermit's bed. Lying down to sleep, his eyes could peer through the window out upon his grave, over which he kept a constant watch. This tomb was digged into the solid limestone. It cost him four years' toil and was ten feet deep. From the top of the first step to the far side of the bottom of the excavation was twenty-two feet. The descent, curiously enough, was made—not designedly, however—by thirteen steps. Over the steps was a heavy door fastened with a padlock. In this stone sepulcher hung an iron pot in which the doctor burned sulphur, and through the tomb scattered disinfectants. Upon a bench the size of a coffin, where his remains now lie, Mr. Bayard almost daily lay down to meditate. He raised on an acre—the valleys here, enriched by the washings of ages, are amazingly productive—all he needed in the way of fruits and vegetables, and his practice, with what charitable people supplied him, furnished him with meat, milk and clothing. He passed his youth in Europe and was educated in Pesth. He knew old Emperor William and played cards with him often. In early life Dr. Bayard was well off, even rich, but a great flood came on the gulf coast, where he lived more than fifty years ago, and swept away his finely furnished and expensive house, his cattle, horses, stable—his all—and left him afloat in a tree penniless. Thence he moved to Austin and married. Six months after marriage his beautiful but uneducated wife ran away with a Methodist preacher. In the prime of his manhood his heart was broken, and he became misanthropic, and here he lived silent and in the shadow of his sorrow away from intimate association with mankind till the end came. So long as he retained physical strength, the doctor kept well supplied with money. He imported Arabian horses; a stallion he sold for $2,500, a mare for $1,500, and a colt for $1,000, and did the business usual to a thrifty practitioner, but for many years he has been feeble, and lately was necessarily in a great measure dependent upon charity; but he was brave, philosophic and independent. He said that some years ago Secretary Bayard, then Senator, tendered him the hospitality of his home, "but," and his fine blue eye lit up with a sudden flame, "I can live alone and I can die alone."

He had a great reputation for his ability in his profession, but his great age and feebleness and the distance of his hut from the village—about one mile—conspired to limit his practice to the very aged, who had grown gray and feeble with him, and the poor folk, who had little to pay. He cooked and planted and harvested, and was sole lord of his acre and his hut and his subterranean vault. His shelves were filled with bottles and drugs, and in a small fireplace hung a little iron pot in which he either cooked or concocted medicine. He was always discussing the deepest themes, and had fourteeen ears of corn of his own raising, with which he contended he could refute the Darwinian theory. He was a Catholic in religion and a Democrat in politics. He was in his prime, about five feet nine inches in hight, and was evidently in his best days an athletic and spirited man. His face was classic, clean cut and well preserved in contour. When called upon and asked about his life he very cheerfully related his experiences with a marked French accent:

"One of my fancies is to sleep on a pillow of sweet thyme; the odor I conceive to be wholesome. Before the great flood, in which I lost everything, a minister preached that the world would come to an end the following Sunday, and on that date the great flood came. It rained three days. My house creaked and swayed in the rushing waters. I got out and climbed into a great tree near by and waited for dawn. In the morning, Jesu Maria! I found myself in the roots of the great tree. It had been torn up and turned over. Next day the water fell away and I got on to the muddy ground." He afterward related the circumstance of his marriage, which for fifty years has made him a hermit. "I moved out here and put woman out of my mind, but I am not cheerful." The doctor experimented considerably with his physical life. He said: "I dieted once on light food and small allowances till I enjoyed all the ecstacies of visions and dreams. They are very different. A vision you see with your open eyes wide awake, and it is realism so true that the change to your normal condition occasions a shock. I sweat profusely once when I had seen heaven and all the golden-haired and blue-eyed angels, and I was glad I had died. When the vision had passed away, and I found myself here again, I was oppressed and unhappy, and I renounced all those experiments."

The doctor was asked how he happened to select this particular place for his seclusion. He said: "I have been all over the world—in Asia, Africa, Brazil, France, all over Europe and America—and in this place I found the best conditions for a long and peaceful life. See, Emperor William is dead; he had nursing, and I sorrow and hardships, and now my hand is steady and my eye undimmed. I may live to one hundred years, but my vital flame is flickering feebly and a strong breath of joy or a gust of grief might put it out. I must be quiet until the day comes, and then I will lie down in my rock tomb; but you, young man, should not fear to grow old. The sweets of mellow age, if an educated conscience be untroubled, are dearer than the joys of intemperate youth."

Such were the singular characteristics of the old man who was laid to rest yesterday in the tomb hewn out of the living rock by his own hands.

ANNIHILATING DISTANCE

AN AUDIENCE AND THE PERFORMANCE 200 MILES APART.

More Wonders of the Telephone—Sweet Music Sent by Wire—Stories of Its Value in Saving Time and Money.

[New York special Philadelphia Press.]

On the evening of Thanksgiving there were gathered in a public hall in Newton, Mass., about one thousand persons who sat for two hours, giving every evidence of being delightfully entertained, although nothing was visible on the stage before them, excepting a great apparatus which looked like a mammoth funnel, big at one end and little at the other. At the same time there was collected in a room in a building on Cortlandt street, in New York city, an orchestra of a dozen pieces, an elocutionist and a female vocalist of sweet but not powerful voice. The hall in Newton is more than two hundred miles distant from the little room in the Cortlandt-street building in New York, yet space had been completely annihilated and the audience in the Newton hall listened to an orchestral concert, to recitations and to singing which was taking place in the Cortlandt-street building, just as distinctly as though the performance were upon the stage before them. The applause which the Newton audience bestowed upon different parts of the program was as distinctly heard by the performers as though they were present before this audience. It was a concert lasting for two hours, and was one of the finest demonstrations of this latter-day development of the telephone which has yet been recorded.

On the following Sunday night there gathered in the house of one of the chief electricians of this city a small company of his friends who had been invited to dine with him and to hear at the same time the Thomas concert, which was to take place in the Lenox Lyceum. The electrician's house is situated in a town in New Jersey, nearly fifty miles from the Lenox Lyceum. The guests had hardly finished their oysters when the premonitory symptoms of an orchestral concert were heard in the room. The tuning of the violins, flutes, and other instruments was as clearly heard as though the guests were seated at a table in the restaurant of the Lyceum. Then for two hours while these guests ate they also enjoyed the Thomas concert. They heard Miss Clementina DeVere sing her solos, even to the most delicate warble and trill, and they distinguished with perfect ease the applause which followed her appearance. The guests were free from the constraint which they would have labored under had they been seated in the Lyceum, for they ate and enjoyed the music at the same time.

Thus, within two years of the time when Bellamy's book was first published, has been realized, literally, what was then thought to be one of the most vivid portions of his dream. So successful have been these experiments that they are no longer regarded as problematic, but as absolutely demonstrated. The other day the electrician, who managed these simple, yet marvelous experiments, touched a key and then handed me the receiving end of a telephone, requesting me to apply it to my ear. The instant I did so I heard conversation as distinctly as though the electrician at my side were speaking to me, and also the clicking of a typewriter. Yet this typewriter was being worked by an operator in a Philadelphia afternoon newspaper office, and was recording for the printers messages delivered by telephone from a New York newspaper office. The click of the keys was as distinct as though the operator was at my side, yet it was more than ninety miles away.

One day in the early part of this week a company of four men sat in the directors' room of a great corporation in this city. The president of the corporation and three associates composed this group. But this was only half of the directory. On a table in front of the president stood a telephone receiver, and before his lips was an adjustable transmitter. The president called the members of the board who were before him to order, and then repeated the formality through the telephone. He then called the roll. The gentlemen who were present responded, and those who were not visible to the eye also responded, and the board was then told the meeting was organized. The other members of the board were in a room in Boston, and the secretary with them. By means of the telephone the business of the meeting was transacted with perfect ease, and was finished within an hour. Legal authority had declared that such a meeting and votes taken at it were valid, as much so as if all the directors had been gathered into one room. The conversation, the motions, and the votes were distinguished by every member of the board, and thus at a trifling expense of time and without inconvenience the affairs of a great corporation were managed.

For the use of the instruments for this hour the directors were charged $24, and $24 an hour seems like a handsome rate to be earned by the use of the instruments of any corporation. But the directors paid the bill cheerfully, because were it not for this convenience three or four men must have gone from Boston to New York, or vice versa, losing one day from their business, besides the expense of travel and hotel accommodations. This corporation makes weekly use of the telephone for an hour, and has thus annihilated space and done away with inconvenience.

These few examples of recent marvels in telephoning indicate the prodigious strides which have been made in this wonderful science. But there are other things to be said which have not as yet been told. In the first place, the day of the telephone box and of house to house communication is rapidly passing away. It is probable that within the next five years telephoning, as first developed by Bell, will be practically a thing of the past. The discoveries of the laws of electricity, as applied to the telephone which have been made within the past five years, are many and marvelous. They are such as compel the substitution of a newer system for the old one. This is likely to take its place with the stage coach as one of the wrecks caused by progress. The story of this development is of the utmost interest. It has always been known by electricians that the old Bell telephone was crude and imperfect. The great obstacle to its success as a commercial venture lay in the annoying noises which those who have used the instrument do not need to have described; in the "cross talk," which made it possible for any Paul Pry, with his ear at the receiver, to hear all that was going on, and therefore making privacy something which was not certainly secured, and in other defects which made frequently the transmission of messages a nuisance trying to the nerves and provocative of anger. Besides that, the old form of telephone was available for comparatively short distances only. It could be used in a town, but not very successfully in communicating between one town and another. Moreover, the greater portion of the patrons were persons who could not afford to pay more than moderate prices for the use of the instrument.

The investigators soon found that the trouble with the old form of telephone was due to two facts; one, that the earth was used to complete the circuit, thus making induction, which produces all the confusing noises, certain to follow; and the other was that the wires, which were the ordinary wires used by telegraph companies, were utterly unfit for the transmission of verbal messages. The studious and persevering investigators, chief among whom is Mr. John J. Carty, a Cambridge boy, who turned from the doors of Harvard College to investigate this new science, soon made a discovery.

They found that the electricians were all wrong in supposing that copper wire and iron wire offered the same resistance. They did seem to do so, and this was supposed to be one of the laws of the science, but investigation showed that under certain conditions copper wire was infinitely superior to iron wire, and would sustain a far stronger battery than the old form of iron wire was able to do. If a battery such as is now used on long-distance wires was applied to the old form of wire a listener could have heard the whole town talk, provided the inhabitants were all at the telephone. It was also found that the copper wires must make a complete circuit; that is, that the earth be discarded, and what is called the metallic circuit be established; that is to say, the wire connected with the transmitter should be continued until it ends in the receiver before the person who wishes to use—no matter if that continuance took the wire 400 miles in its circuit. It was also discovered that the wires should be infolded or twisted in a certain peculiar and mathematically accurate way, and that they should also be adjusted on the poles with a certain rhythmic form. All of these discoveries were made at different times, but combined they gave the investigators the cue to the perfect telephone. It was shown that with such combinations as these with a proper battery the vexations ceased, absolute secrecy was secured, excepting, of course, at the central office, and that the human voice or other sounds could be transmitted with perfect distinctness for great distances.

Here, then, was the solution of the problem of the science, and only one question remained, and that was whether the increased cost would not make it practically prohibitive as a commercial venture. There was only one way to determine this question, and that was by experiment, and the sort of experiment that costs a great deal of money. It would be necessary to build a line running for a great distance, and to demonstrate to the business community that it was available. Then business men would be able to determine whether they could afford to pay the prices asked, and that was a question which their own experience would solve for them. If they found they could pay the high price and yet use the instrument to advantage they would certainly be likely to do so. Capitalists, therefore, put their money into an experiment, and a great sum of money was needed. They decided to build such a line between New York and Boston, and to build it regardless of cost. That was some five years ago. The wires were put up, the service was perfect, but the cost seemed to be prohibitive. Then another line was put up between New York and Philadelphia, the capitalists standing by their guns with a confidence which was, in view of all the circumstances, remarkable. Millions were expended, until now 46,000 miles of wires, constructed and operated under this late plan, have been erected, and make it possible for a merchant in Philadelphia to sit at his desk and communicate with all the great cities east of Lake Erie and north of Washington, and as easily as though persons who live in those cities were in his visible presence. The public, however, approached the new development with some timidity. The price seemed enormous. It cost nearly $5, for instance, to use the wires between New York and Buffalo for five minutes; but the managers believed that business development would be such that merchants would find it profitable to expend $5, or a dollar a minute, for such use.

Lately this judgment seems to have been verified. The wires at times are hot with business, and between New York, Philadelphia and Boston, at least, the service must be increased. The lesson which has been taught by the experience is this: That as a commercial venture the telephone must be mainly relied upon as a means of communicating between cities, or between remote parts of large cities, and that it is to be a vehicle for the transaction of business purely. It will no longer be used, as in the smaller towns, to send orders from the house to the butcher, or exchange gossip between friends. Private lines may be put up, perhaps, for that purpose, but this feature of telephoning is bound to be abandoned. Already the change is going on, and it will not be long until the earlier Bell telephone with its neighborly communications will be a thing of the past. The capitalists who control the various companies using these inventions and appliances declare that the profit in telephoning is to be found in the newer use of it exclusively for business purposes, instead of the half toy-like use to which it has been heretofore put.

The effect of this wonderful progress in the development of a new science will not be damaging to the telegraph companies. They do not fear it, and there are many reasons why they should not. But it will have one effect which is little dreamt of, it will be likely to reduce to a greater or less extent the traveling of business men on railways. The illustration quoted above of the directors' meeting is an indication of this. A year ago railway passages for four persons between New York and Boston once a week were necessary in order to attend this meeting. Now these trips are made unnecessary. When a Philadelphia merchant finds that he can call up a New York merchant, can sit at his desk and converse with perfect secrecy and ease, he will not feel the necessity of jumping upon a train and running over to New York that he may hold this conversation.

Of course railway travel will not be seriously affected, but the railway travel of business men, for the purpose of conferring with other business men will, it is thought, be considerably lessened. It is probable that within the next five years the whole of the United States will be districted for telephonic purposes. It seems hardly practicable now to include in one district a much greater area than is inclosed by the line bounding Erie, Pittsburg, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and containing the intermediate large cities. There will probably be another district centering at Chicago; another, perhaps, at New Orleans or Atlanta; one at Denver, and one at San Francisco.

The Doctor Got His Pay.

[Buffalo Express.]

All know how disciples of Izaak Walton who frequent the same fish pond feel toward a funny old reprobate, wary enough to defy them for a whole season. Several Buffalo doctors felt the same way about an aged Italian who was always requiring a physician's services, but who never could be induced to pay. A brand new doctor took the patient in charge not long since, although warned that it would be a service of love.

"Oh, I'll get the money all right," said the young man, confidently. And, sure enough, a few days ago he announced, with no little pride, that he had got the money.

"How in thunder did you get it?" he was asked by a doctor who was less successful.

"Well, you see," was the reply, "I've just sold his skull for $3."

And the best part of the story is that it sticks closer than a brother to the truth.

Facts Against Darwin.

Stanley quietly scores one against the Darwinian theory in his article—prepared for Scribner's—on African pigmies. He says: "Intellectually, the pigmies of the African forests are the equals of about 50 per cent. of the modern inhabitants of any great American city of to-day. And yet there has been no change, or progress of any kind, among the pigmies of the forest since the time of Herodotus."

A Novel Legal Point.

A novel suit is before the Superior Court of Maine. The plaintiff, a Cape Elizabeth man, brings suit against a Portland man for alienating his wife's affections, and the defendant, in his plea, declares that the wife never had any affection for the husband, consequently he could not alienate them. He will stand trial on this ground.

And Probably Gets in the Way.

The Empress Frederick visits in succession the hospitals where Koch's method of cure is practiced, has the processes explained to her, and observes with great attention the patients being treated.

A Cold Day.

[New York Herald.]

Cholly—How cold it is; I'm all of a shiver.

Awthaw—Why don't you light a cigarette?

No Use for Florida.

[South Bend News.]

For a glorious winter climate we can recommend northern Indiana.

A Regular Corker.

The negro minstrel.

RESCUED FROM THE SIOUX

A PARTY OF INDIANS ATTACK A FRONTIER HOME.

They Carry Off a Woman and Boy as Captives, But Friends of the Latter, After a Long Pursuit, Liberate Them.

[New York Sun.]

On the third day of May, 1867, a pioneer on the Solomon river, Kansas, heard the reports of rifles to the west of him just as he had finished breakfast. His name was Cherry, and his family consisted of a wife and two boys. Only one of the boys was at home at the time. He was a lad of twelve named John. The Indians had been surly and menacing all winter, and every white man knew that an outbreak was likely to occur in the spring. Believing that the blow was about to fall, Cherry closed and barricaded the door, and made ready to hold out as long as possible.

Two hours passed quietly, and then the settler argued that the firing must have come from a party of hunters. In order to satisfy himself on this point he slipped out of the back door into the brush, intending to go up the river to the other cabin. He had gone only a quarter of a mile when five Indians fired on him from an ambush. Every bullet, as they afterward related, inflicted a mortal wound. Cherry fell to the earth, but as they rushed forward to scalp him he killed the foremost man with a shot, and then drawing his knife, he attacked the others and cut two of them badly before he fell down and died.

The reports of the rifles warned Mrs. Cherry of what had happened to her husband. He had taken his rifle, while she had a shotgun and Johnnie had a single-barrelled pistol. They did not have long to wait. A band of nine warriors came toward the front of the house waving a white shirt as a flag of truce, and when within ten feet of the door the leader called to the occupants of the house:

"We no hurt you if you open door!"

"If you try to get in we shall shoot!" replied Mrs. Cherry.

The Indians laughed in derision, and four or five stepped forward to burst in the door. Mrs. Cherry and Johnnie quietly retreated to the back door, hoping to get clear of the house, but as they opened it two warriors were found there on guard. Mother and son fired together, and the two men fell, but before the fugitives had run a hundred yards they were overtaken. The first impulse of the Indians was to tomahawk them, but after a wrangle lasting two or three minutes the lives of the prisoners were spared. They were taken back to the house, their arms tied behind their backs, and then, conducted by two warriors, they set off for the west. The Indians they had fired on at the door were both dead before the party started. This made three warriors killed and two wounded by the Cherry family.

Mrs. Cherry and Johnnie were taken to the other settler's, whose name was Robinson. He had been shot down in his door, and his wife and sister were prisoners. The house had been ransacked and set afire, and one of the Indians had Robinson's scalp at his girdle. The prisoners, who now numbered four, and were guarded by only two men, were conducted along a small creek which entered in the Solomon, and after marching about seven miles were halted in a grove. The guards offered them no violence, and they were allowed to talk with each other as they walked along. The two Robinson women were completely overcome, but Mrs. Cherry and Johnnie were full of courage and determined to escape if possible.

The grove had been named as a rendezvous, and the four prisoners were the first to reach it. One of the guards had an old wound in the side, and about an hour after reaching the grove he pulled off his shirt to dress it. Mrs. Cherry's arms were so securely bound that she could not release them. They had been more careless in the case of the boy. As the two Indians were employed with the wound the lad worked his arms loose, and with an encouraging nod from his mother he made a rush for the rifles. With one of them he shot the wounded Indian dead. The other was wrested from him before he could fire, but he turned and ran and got clear away, dodging the bullet sent after him, and the surviving Indian did not dare to pursue him for fear the women would get away. This brought the dead up to four. What happened to the lad after his escape no one will ever know, as no trace of him was ever discovered. I myself was employed for nearly six months searching for him after peace came, but nothing came of it. He was not killed as he wandered about; neither was he retaken. I believe he perished on the plains from exhaustion.

The remaining Indian sat with his rifle across his knees and guarded the women until a band of seven or eight of his companions came up. They had as prisoners two children belonging to a family named Deering, and a boy, ten years old, named Lawton. This boy had been living with an uncle named Thomas, and both his aunt and uncle had been killed. In a raid on the settlers quite a number of Indians had been killed and many wounded. But for the efforts of the sub-chiefs all the prisoners would have been tomahawked. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the party left the grove and headed to the northwest. All the lashings were cast off to enable the prisoners to move faster, and in the confusion of starting Mrs. Cherry managed to pick up and secrete a hunting knife which had belonged to the Indian her boy shot. After traveling four hours the Indians camped without fire, food or water. Mrs. Cherry was disarmed and tied hand and foot, and the Indians promised that she should be tortured for three whole days before death came to her relief.

I must now continue the story from a different experience. Twenty days after the party of prisoners had disappeared into the Indian country I was engaged by the father of the Lawton boy and by a brother of Mrs. Cherry to made an effort to find and rescue them. The northern and western parts of Kansas were then in the hands of the hostiles, many of the forts and posts besieged and there were no railroads to transport troops. Indeed, the lethargy of the Government in reinforcing the troops occupying stations greatly encouraged the Indians and prolonged the war.

When I cut loose from the frontier I had as a comrade a scout and Indian-fighter named Reid. We were mounted on fine and speedy mules, had Winchester rifles and revolvers, and the pair of us were put up against four or five large tribes of Indians. Scores of prisoners had been carried off along the entire frontier, and to look for any particular one seemed a hopeless task. We knew, however, that the two we wanted had made their start from the grove on Mink creek, and we decided to make that our point of departure. It was then forty miles from the nearest military post, and we reached it without accident. We had not yet unsaddled our horses when Tom made a discovery that furnished us with a clue. He picked up an Indian tobacco pouch which had belonged to a Sioux. Up to this time we did not know whether the pair we were after had been captured by the Sioux or Cheyennes. This gave us a big start in the right direction. Although the two tribes had joined hands for the war, their territory still remained the same and their villages had not been moved. We must bear more to the west and search among the Sioux.

It must not be imagined that we went riding boldly around the country on our errand. There were days and days that we lay in hiding. If we moved at all it was by night, and then only short distances. The country swarmed with redskins, and there was never an hour that we were not in danger. We were gradually working toward the villages on the Smoky Hill Fork and its territories, and our game was to play hide and seek. As both of us understood the Sioux dialect, we picked up bits of information let fall now and then by parties passing our hiding places, and such were our precautions that we worked our way over seventy miles into the Indian country without leaving a trail anywhere.

We had one close call as we neared the villages. We had advanced about five miles during the night over ground so hard as to leave no trail, and were lying up for the day in a dry ravine. About 9 in the morning, as I was on watch, I espied a couple of Indians to the east. They had been sent from some war party with a message to one of the villages. They were riding at a gallop when I first saw them, but of a sudden they halted, held a council, and both rode into the ravine about eighty rods above our position. They could not have seen our trail, nor had they reason to suspect our presence, and I never could fathom their action. They were coming right down upon us, and I had Tom awake in a jiffy. Just above us was a sharp bend, and here we took our stations, revolvers in hand. The ponies of the Indians came scrambling along the rough path, one closely following the other, and the first rider never knew what hit him. The second saw us, but was dead five seconds after, and we at once secured the ponies. We were a bit anxious for the next hour, fearing that the reports of the revolvers might have reached the ears of Indians riding about; but no one appeared, and the day wore away without the slightest alarm. This was the fourteenth day of our advance, and the thirty-fourth day of Mrs. Cherry's capture. Let us now return to her.

The prisoners were marched across the country to the villages on the Smoky Hill Fork. The first idea was to put all of them to the torture, but the chiefs finally decided to hold them for awhile and see how events would shape. Two sons of prominent chiefs and a great medicine man had been captured by the whites, and it might be that they would have to be ransomed by giving up prisoners. Mrs. Cherry and the Lawton boy were kept in one village, while all others captured with them were sent to another. They were made to carry wood and water, live on the food thrown to the dogs, and every hour in the day were told of the fate in store for them. Both were beaten by Indian women and boys, but they did not feel their lives in peril. They slept in a tepee with an Indian boy about eighteen years of age and an old hag of a squaw.

On the afternoon of the day we killed the two Indians in the ravine Mrs. Cherry secreted a tomahawk under the dried grass composing her bed. It belonged to the Indian boy, but he did not miss it. She heard them talking that day about moving camp, but nothing was done, because no orders came. At midnight, when everything was quiet, Mrs. Cherry crept over to the Indian boy and sunk the blade of the tomahawk in his skull. He raised his arms, but made no outcry, and was dead in two or three minutes. She disposed of the old woman in the same way, and then waking up young Lawton she took him by the hand and walked out of the village.

At 1 o'clock in the morning, as I was scouting on foot to locate the village, and was within a mile of it, I met Mrs. Cherry and the boy. She had the Indian boy's bow and quiver, and Lawton carried the blood-stained tomahawk. We pushed back to the ravine as fast as we could go, and after reaching it we lost no time in mounting and heading to the south. We were not followed from the camp, as an order reached it at daylight to move to a distant point, and we dodged the war parties until another two hours would have carried us into a post. We were then suddenly confronted by a band of thirty warriors, but after a race of two miles we beat them in securing possession of a grove, and for three hours we held them at bay. Troops from the post then came to our rescue. I had been hit in the arm, Tom in the shoulder, Mrs. Cherry in the cheek, and the boy lost two fingers by a bullet. We had killed three warriors, wounded two or three more, and knocked over four ponies. The Indians were scared away from the post very soon. What they did with the captives among them we never learned.

Holiday Cakes.

[Mrs. E. R. Parker.]

New Year's cake—Cream one pound of butter with one and a half pounds of sugar, add the beaten yolks of twelve eggs, beat all together well, add one and a half pounds of sifted flour, three teaspoons of baking powder and the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs; grate two lemons in half a cup of sirup, add it with two pounds of finely-chopped almonds, two pounds of seeded raisins and one pound of sliced citron. Bake two hours and ice.

Twelfth Night cake—Two cups of light dough, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one of sweet milk, half a pound of seeded raisins. Mix flour to make stiff. Let rise and bake.

Almond cake—Two cups of sugar, two tablespoons of butter, one cup of milk, two of flour, whites of six eggs, two teaspoons of baking powder and one of extract of lemon. Bake in jelly pans. For filling, pound fine in a mortar two pounds of almonds, beat two eggs, add a cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla and the almond paste. Spread between the cakes.

Angel cocoanut cake—Two cups of powdered sugar, one of butter and three of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, whites of eight eggs and half a cup of milk. Flavor with extract of vanilla. Bake in jelly pans. Spread the top with icing, then the bottom, and let dry; then sprinkle thick with cocoanut. Ice all over and sprinkle with cocoanut.

Ice-cream cake—Make white cake and bake in jelly-cake pans. For filling, whip a pint of cream, sweeten and flavor, chop a pound of almonds fine, stir in the cream and put in thick layers between the cake.

New Year's reception cake—For white part: Take a pound of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a pound of flour, whites of six eggs, two teaspoons of baking powder, one grated cocoanut and one pound of chopped almonds. Flavor with extract of almond. Bake on thin jelly pans. For dark part: half a pound of brown sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, yolks of six eggs, half a pound of seeded raisins and currants each, a quarter of a pound each of chopped citron and figs, with half an ounce of allspice, mace, cloves, nutmeg and a glass of grape jelly. Bake in jelly pans. Make icing of three cups of sugar and one of water. Boil until brittle, take from the fire and stir in the whites of three eggs; add half a cup of minced hickory nuts and a grated cocoanut. Spread alternately on the black and white cake and put together. Ice the top with plain icing.

Lemon jelly cake.—One and a half cups of sugar, half cup of butter, three cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, half a cup of milk and six eggs. Bake in jelly pans. For filling, take a coffee cup of sugar, two teaspoons of butter, two eggs and the juice of two lemons. Boil until thick. Let cool and spread between the cakes.

Orange jelly cake.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, four of flour, two teaspoons of baxing powder, one cup of cold water and three eggs. Bake in layers. For filling take the juice of two oranges, a cup of sugar and one egg. Mix all together and spread between the layers of cake.

Her Constitution Couldn't Stand It.

Judge Mount, of Sprague, Wash., has decided that Mrs. C. H. Pryor, who was elected Superintendent of Public Schools in November, is ineligible to hold office under the constitution and statutes of the State. Mrs. Pryor held office under the Territorial government.

Australia's Opium Trade.

In England's Australasian properties the sale of opium to the aborigines and kanakas is very large, and the drug is even given in wages. The Presbyterian general assembly has asked the Government to stop it.

A Big Winter's Contract.

[New York Sun.]

"Phwat's yure hoosband doin' dhis winther, Mrs. Mulvany?"

"Six months."

Too Expensive to Lie.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Nobody makes a lie out of the whole cloth nowadays. The tariff is too heavy.

Streets of Gold.

Into the streets of Denver $25,000,000 in gold and silver coin are shoveled from the mountains every year.

GLIMPSES OF STAGELAND.

"Blue Jeans" is plainly a fixture at the Fourteenth-street Theater, New York.

It now costs every theatrical company on the road from $150 to $200 per week for printing alone.

A Spanish dancer, "Cyrene," has made an emphatic hit in Chicago. She is from the American variety stage.

Sol Smith Russell has declined an offer of a large certainty to appear in London next season in "A Poor Relation."

Mrs. Leslie Carter, who made her debut as a star in New York recently, has just won a distinct success in Boston.

Joseph Jefferson and W. J. Florence are to dedicate McVicker's new theater in Chicago when it is reopened in March.

Milwaukee's new mayor is going to stop the billing of lewd show paper. Our police once stopped it here, but of late do nothing.

Stuart Robson is playing his second week in Boston. In compliance with the general desire he is producing "Is Marriage a Failure?"

"Poor Jonathan" remains a permanent attraction at the Casino, New York. Miss Lillian Russell has made the hit of her musical career in it.

The success of Mr. E. S. Willard, the Englishman who is playing in Philadelphia, is genuine, though it is unattended by any effusive demonstrations.

If Lillian Russell accepts the terms for next season offered her by T. Henry French her salary will equal that paid to the President of the United States.

"Falstaff" is the title of a new comic opera upon the composition of which Verdi is busily engaged. The great musician is in his eighty-seventh year.

"Cleopatra" is a failure in Paris, and its collapse is supposed to signify the doom of spectacle plays with lone-star casts. Sara Bernhardt is going to try a revival of the everlasting "Camille."

The "Clemenceau Case" is now in its second week in Chicago. The great personal charms of Miss Estelle Clayton, who plays Iza, attract large audiences. The piece is elaborately staged and smoothly acted.

The separation of Robson and Crane proved decidedly beneficial to both parties concerned, but particularly to the former. In all the years of his association with W. H. Crane, Mr. Robson has never had such a successful season.

It may be presumed that Mr. W. H. Crane has made up his mind to play Falstaff without much more delay, as it is announced that his manager is in London getting models and costumes for the production of Shakespeare's "Henry IV" in January, 1892.

Now that Neil Burgess, the actor, has made a fortune of over $100,000 out of his play, in which the feature was an imitation of a horse race, accomplished by live horses racing upon a treadmill upon the stage, the courts have granted him exclusive rights in this curious development of modern drama.

It is now reported that Joseph Arthur is anxious to build a theater in New York. I fail to see any news in this. Probably innumerable men connected with the theatrical business are anxious to build theaters in New York without the slightest possibility of their anxiety being appeased.—[New York Sunday Dispatch.

Mrs. Agnes Robertson Boucicault will sail on the Majestic this week with her daughter Nina, and will find awaiting her arrival in London a new play, written expressly for her by her handsome son Aubrey, and intended to be the vehicle, it is said, for the simultaneous reappearance on the boards of the famous "Agnes Robertson," as well as her two gifted children.

The complaints of disastrous business at the theaters are loud and deep, but it is worth noting that anything novel in the way of amusements meets with prompt support from the public. Perhaps the present period of gloom in theatricals may have a reason for its existence after all. The public is absolutely indifferent to the plays now on the boards.—[New York Sun.

Their [Jefferson and Florence] record upon the stage is a high one. No scandals have ever obscured their careers. They have used no cheap devices to advertise themselves to the public. They have robbed no one, and have had to destroy no rivals as they advanced. Their success has been one of pure merit, correct and kindly have been their private lives, and modestly have they worn the laurel leaves of their prosperity.—[New York Tribune.

Modjeska has been publishing a narrative of her dramatic experiences in America, and describes New York as a cosmopolitan city, more under the control of foreigners than Americans. She criticises the people as being in too much of a hurry to enjoy life. In the last performances of Madame Modjeska in New York the people did not appear to be in too much of a hurry to see her performances. Possibly, however, they may not have considered that as a means of enjoying life.

One of W. J. Scanlon's new songs, which he sings in "Myles Aroon," promises to become as popular as his famous "Peek-a-Boo." He introduces it in the first act of his play. The scene represents the interior of a conservatory filled with tropical plants. A swing decorated with many colored ribbons is suspended from the ceiling. Into this Mr. Scanlon places a beautiful little girl eight years of age, and while swinging her sings the song, ending with the words, "See, there she goes."

Dan Frohman's "Charity Ball" company, of which Miss Ruth Carpenter, of this city, plays the leading female part, is in Pittsburg this week in the course of a most successful tour. Miss Carpenter everywhere wins glowing notices from the press, not only for her personal appearance, in which she is already ranked among the beautiful women of the stage, but for the excellence of her acting, which in the character she takes in this play, is of the emotional order, and which she carries with great delicacy and force.

One of the presents at the marriage of Edith Barrett and Marshall Williams, at New York, recently was a check for $4,999 from Stuart Robson, and thereby hangs a tale of interest to many people in and out of theatrical circles. One day last summer Mr. Williams probably saved Mr. Barrett's life by stopping a runaway horse at Cohasset. An invitation to dinner followed, when he met Miss Barrett. Mr. Robson, who was also in the neighborhood, and who saw the growing fancy of the couple for each other, said to Williams, who, being "only a clerk," was timid about making known the state of his affections: "Marsh, go in and win her, and I'll make you a wedding present of $5,000, and here's a dollar on account."

Robert G. Ingersoll, on behalf of Julia Marlowe, has notified the latter's financial backer, B. J. Falk, of New York, that the contract heretofore between the latter and the actress is terminated. Miss Marlowe, through Colonel Ingersoll, charges that the company organized by Mr. Falk was incompetent, and that surrounded by such support it was impossible for her to succeed in properly presenting her personations. The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says that Miss Marlowe's almost mortal illness was caused by lack of sufficient rest for which her manager was responsible, coupled with business troubles. Miss Marlowe's attorney states that when compelled by physical exhaustion to cease work, she was left without means to obtain food, shelter or medicine, and that while in this condition she was deserted by her manager. Mr. Lawrence Barrett will probably be Miss Marlowe's manager next year.

The Great Chain at West Point.

[Popular Science Monthly for January.]

One of the most notable events connected with the manufacture of iron during these years was the making of the great iron chain which in 1778 was stretched across the Hudson river at West Point to prevent the passage of British vessels. Lossing, in his Field Book of the Revolution, gives a very interesting account of this work, of which we can quote only the leading facts: "The iron of which this chain was constructed was wrought from ore of equal parts from the Sterling and Long mines in Orange county. The chain was manufactured by Peter Townsend, of Chester, at the Sterling iron-works in the same county, which were situated about twenty-five miles back of West Point. The chain was completed about the middle of April, 1778, and on the 1st of May it was stretched across the river and secured. It was fixed to huge blocks on each shore, and under cover of batteries on both sides of the river." "It is buoyed up," says Dr. Thacher, writing in 1780, "by very large logs of about sixteen feet long, pointed at the ends to lessen their opposition to the force of the current at flood and ebb tide. The logs are placed at short distances from each other, the chain carried over them and made fast to each by staples. There are also a number of anchors dropped at proper distances, with cables made fast to the chain to give it greater stability." The total weight of this chain was 180 tons. Mr. Lossing visited West Point in 1848, and saw a portion of this famous chain, and he tells us that "there are twelve links, two clevises and a portion of a link remaining. The links are made of iron bars, two and a half inches square, and average in length a little over two feet and weigh about one hundred pounds each."

NEW YORK RAG-PICKERS.

Where They Live, What They do and Their Probable Reward.

[Correspondence of The Indianapolis News.]

NEW YORK, December 21.—The rag-picking industry in New York is plied by some fifteen thousand souls, most of whom are either Italians or Germans. The majority of these workers are dirty, but they are industrious, and there are no beggars among them. They will suffer many privations and hardships for the sake of saving a little money, and they have a very miserable appearance. The principal headquarters for the Italian element are the "Five Points," Baxter and Crosby streets, on the East Side, and Wooster, Sullivan and Spring streets, on the West Side. Five Points as it still lingers in the memory of the old New Yorker is no more. The open space from which the neighborhood takes its name is still there, but changed beyond recognition. Instead of the squalid rookeries and low drinking places, where the man-of-leisure was wont to go slumming in former days, there are now mission-schools, chapels, stores, shops and warehouses. Dirt, poverty and crime still haunt the narrow and crooked streets running out of it, but the criminals are few, and their deeds of a different character than those of their predecessors, who gave the locality its bad name.

The foot-pad who formerly made his nightly excursions into Broadway, Chatham street (now Park Row) and the Bowery, to waylay and rob the solitary passer-by, has removed to other quarters, but the receiver of stolen goods, or fence, still lingers and makes a living from the petty thefts from the surrounding stores and warehouses. The bulk of the population has changed in nationality as well as character, and the organ-grinder, peanut-vender, bootblack and beggar are now the chief denizens of Baxter and Crosby streets, which in time past most truly reflected the life of the "Points." In this immediate vicinity the majority of the Italian pickers make their homes. They rarely speak the English language, and mingle little with people of other nationalities. They are commonly sober, but when they do become intoxicated it is nearly certain that they will quarrel, and not rarely with fatal results. The German pickers are usually denizens of that district east of the Bowery, and a large colony of them fills a row of tenements in an alleyway on Willett street, between Stanton and Houston. This is widely known as "Ragpickers' Row," and the place from which the picker starts on his morning's round. He commences work between 4 and 5 in the morning, overturning barrels, inspecting ash-heaps, and scanning corners where rubbish of all sorts is deposited. Nothing escapes his eagle eye, and he sometimes makes rich finds, such as money or jewelry which had been lost or thoughtlessly thrown away. He returns from his first expedition in time for his breakfast, at about 8 o'clock, but before satisfying his appetite he proceeds to the cellar and there empties the yield of his journey upon the ground. He then separates the fat from the glass and the iron from the rags, making a separate pile of each. He then empties each heap into a different bag and disposes of them—the fat to the offal-dealer, the rags to the paper-dealer and the iron and glass to the junk shop. After breakfast he makes a second trip, and continues his rounds throughout the day.

Many of these humble workers have by industry and economy managed to accumulate considerable bank accounts. A large portion of the German pickers make their homes in Germany, a name applied to that part of the city lying east of Second avenue, between Houston and Fourteenth streets, where nearly the entire population is German, lager beer shops are numerous and nearly all of the signs contain German names.

The sightseer will find this section, as well as the Italian quarter, well worth a visit, affording as it does endless scenes of variety and picturesque uniqueness.

WILLIAM MALCOLM MACIVOR.

[Written for The Indianapolis News.]

The Woman's Crusade.

[On the seventeenth anniversary, December 23, 1890.]

From the hallow'd hush of churches dim,
From wrestling prayer, from triumphant hymn,
From a self-surrender, wrought thro' pain
Of hopes deferred and of efforts vain,
From a consecration fresh and new,
In the glow of its baptismal dew,
Hushed and reverent, silent and slow,
Onward the peaceful processions go!

Two by two march the praying brigade,
Two by two to the holy crusade!
Fancy still hears the rhythmic beat,
The gentle fall of willing feet.
In her fadeless light still Mem'ry sees
The hosts that enlisted on their knees,
All marching silently and slow,
As in the seventeen years ago!

Then the bugle call to women came,
And th' fiery baptism's touch of flame!
Then the helpless on the Helper laid
That Woe too deep for human aid!
Then they leaned, with all their weight of care,
Heaven's altar on, and offered there
Each quivering fibre of their lives—
Their very selves for sacrifice!

Oh, ye, who marched with a martyr's faith
To meet earth's bitterest ban and wrath,
And, dauntless, where the strong might flee,
Met fiendish men with prayer and plea!
O gently-reared, noble, pure and good,
Dark paths grew hallow'd where you trod,
And with your presence came floating in
A breath of heaven to haunts of sin!

O Band that walked 'neath the wondering skies
Clad in the robe of self-sacrifice,
You touched with that shining robe's outline
The border rim of the divine!
Nor is martyr's wreath too bright or good
To crown such saintly womanhood
As offered self—aye, with holy hand—
For God, for Home, for Native Land!

—[Mary A. Leavitt.

December 23, 1890.

Latest and Best.

[Richter.]

The last and best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest zone, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

PATTIE'S IN A PARCEL OF PRESENTS AT THE POLICE STATION.

Turkey Raffle in a Saloon—A Christmas Beau and His Best Girl—Scenes and Incidents Last Night Described.

He didn't look like a bad man as he was brought into the police station last night, and he wasn't a bad man, either—just unfortunate. For three months he worked hard every day, stayed at home at night, and didn't drink. The sorrow lines began to fade from his wife's face, and eyes grew brighter as she thought happier days were coming. He laid off yesterday afternoon and came down town to buy some presents for the children. The devil met him and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Come, old boy, take a drink," grinned the devil.

"No, sir; I haven't touched a drop for three months, and I ain't ——"

"Oh, pshaw!" said this Hideous One. "Come on. Just one snifter. Be a man. Come, we'll have one and then we'll quit." He listened to the devil. One drink. One drink, two drinks, three, four, five and a drunken man, with his arms full of parcels, staggered down the crowded thoroughfare. That is how he happened to be at the police station. His bundles lay on a table in the Sergeant's room, and out of idle curiosity reporters and patrolmen crowded around them to see what they were.

Before he became stupid from drink he had written the names of the children on bits of pasteboard cards furnished by the saloon-keeper, and tied them to the gifts. Here was a little cheap doll in gaudy dress for "Carrie," a picture book for "Johnny," a tin horse and wagon for "Jimmy," another picture book for "Mary." A larger bundle unrolled revealed a calico dress for "mother," and a tiny sack contained a handful of candy and raisins for them all. The reporters and policemen looked at each other. There was something so pathetic about that collection of simple little gifts of a poor man to his children that their hearts were touched.

"This is tough," huskily remarked a reporter, who had witnessed all kinds of crimes without a quake.

"Yes, and that man shall not stay in there to night," said another, with a dash of his hand across his eyes.

"Here's a quarter for a little more candy for them kids," growled a big policeman, who wanted to be stern, but the woman part of his heart wouldn't let him—maybe he had children at home.

A policeman's helmet was passed around, and every one put some money into it. Two pounds of candy, a dozen oranges two dozen bananas, some nuts and other sweetmeats for "them kids" were purchased. The parcels were all rolled up together just as if they hadn't been dispurbed, and it didn't require much turnsuasion to secure the man's release. He was a little unsteady, as he started home, but he had come to his senses and tears glistened in his eyes. Sergeant Dawson and an Indianapolis News reporter followed along behind to see that he did not fall by the wayside; he didn't, but entered his home where a patient wife was waiting for him. The reporter and policeman turned and walked back toward the station house. They didn't speak a word till the parting corner was reached.

"I feel better," remarked the tall sergeant. And so did the reporter.

They stood in the front hallway last evening, beneath the refulgent glare of the gas light. He was making a bluff at opening the door, and she was seeing his bluff by pretending to not let him.

"Of course it's all right for you to come here and tell me of your other girl. You think I don't care—that I ain't jealous; but you don't know me," and she shot a sly glance at a contiguous mirror to ascertain if her bangs were au fait.

"Did it really and truly make you feel bad," he asked, removing the cigarette from between his lips and unostentatiously spitting in the corner.

"Of course it did. I don't think there was any other girl in it. I know I couldn't divide my love for you with any one else, and I thought you liked me—"

"Like you? Oh, Esmerelda! I more than like you. Let me spell love on your lips." And he lined out four kisses on her ruby mouth.

"And you will never doubt me again?" he murmured, placing his nose right alongside her ear.

"Never. I didn't doubt you before. I know you are as true to me, Augustus, as I am to you."

"My ownest own."

"My darling."

"My sweet."

"Coming to-morrow evening?"

"Will you be lonesome if I don't?"

"I'll just nearly die."

"Well, you shan't die."

"You'll come, then?"

"Of course."

"Oh goody, goody, goody!"

"Good-night, sweet."

"Good-night, pet."

"Sweet be thy dreams, dear."

"They will be sweet, for I will dream of you."

And the door shut between them.

Esmeralda threw herself languidly before a table, and as she partook of a slight repast of cold cabbage, pigs' feet and crackers, she said to her sister: "Sis, I'll bet you a silk umbrella to a toothpick that I won Gus for a rattling Christmas present. I'm glad he's coming to-morrow night, for Charley will be here Friday evening."

And such is the way of some fair women.

The gas flickered and wavered in Calamity Pete's Bucktown saloon last night. It threatened to up from the burners as a gust of wind darted in through the opened door, as some gay sport entered to participate in the festivities, and when the gust of wind was gone the gas settled back to flickering and sending light waves over a motley group. There was "Knock-knee Jim," from Sligo under the hill, "Parson Bill," from Columbia alley, "the Colonel," from the city-at-large, and a number of other distinguished citizens that The Indianapolis News reporter failed to recognize as he looked in at the window. It was not the meeting of a debating society, but a raffle for turkeys. Ranged along the shelf back of the bar, and over the black-looking bottles whose contents were of the same horse power as a dynamite cartridge, were the dressed turkeys. In front of the bar, crowding and pushing, were the guests.

"Whar is de bones?" roared Pete, casting his eyes up and down the crowd. At the word a yellow chap from the south end of Tennessee street threw the dice on the counter. Pete picked them up and gave them a critical examination. He did not have an overwhelming amount of confidence in the crowd before him. "Dah's no peatie dah, mistah man," exclaimed he from South Tennessee. "Dem's younh die, an' if dey ain't squah it's younh fault."

Pete was satisfied, evidently, for he dropped the dice and remarked:

"Dis yere am a squah game fer de turks. You puts up a quartah an' trows fer de pot. De one wat wins de pot gibs it to me fer de turk. See?"

The "pot" was soon made up, and it is hardly necessary to state that Calamity Pete did not break his record for having an eye to business because of the price he received for his turkeys.

"Cum sebben—hah—cum lebben—oh, my soul—g'way dah nigga—cum sebben, dat sweet sebben—hoss an' hoss—mean ole six—glowy on my soul—cum sebben—hot sebben—I wins on lebben—I die, I noah I die—look out da you coons—huh—ha—leben—lebben—mind yoah eye dah, now—mind you lef' eye—oh, you sassy valler gal, dema golden sebben I win—now one more shoot—glowy on my brack soul—cum seb ben—huh—cum leben—huh—glowy—now I die—see me die—huh—sebben—I gits sebben—it cums sebben—huh—I gits de turk."

"Parson Bill," of Columbia alley, had "shot seven;" he won the "pot" and passed it over for a turkey. Another "pot" was soon raised and "craps" was on again. The ejaculations, the snapping of fingers, attracted the attention of two passing policemen, but when they stepped inside the "bones" were gone, and Pete and his guests were shaking dice for the drinks—nothing more.

PENSIONS FOR VETERANS.

Residents of Indiana Whose Claims Have Been Allowed.

Original — Schuyler Hail, Fincastle; Thomas McDowell, Fayette; Oliver P. Lockhart, Max; Samuel T. Batterson, Richmond; Rollin Lindsey, Stockwell; Jacob Steigner, Mount Vernon; Edward John, Connersville; Ernest B. Plain, Irvington; Frederick Hyde, Poe; Jackson Lambert, Evansville; Jeremiah H. Davis, South Bend; William H. Dunn, Vincennes; William H. Mathney, Evansville (navy); Joseph Hill, Cincinnati (navy); George W. Downey, Evansville (navy); Wells Butler, Indianapolis; Carnaw Harryman, Owensburg; Thomas J. Dimmett, Evansville; Isaac N. Poulson, Osgood; Samuel J. Barker, Muncie; Ruel Richards, Greencastle; Peter Hinbough, Convenience; Addis Hincline, Woodville; John Nighswander, Warsaw.

Additional—Andrew Johnson, Oakton (navy); Schuyler Hall, Fincastle.

Increase—Riley W. Gavins, Terre Haute; Miley Wilson, Abydel; Lloyd B. Adams, Amity; John Brodhurst, Mackleyville; Charles H. Lewis, Terre Haute; Mahlon I. Paxon, Nottingham; Oliver P. Dunn, Brushville; Ervin Vankirk, Monroe City; Peter McCabe, Yountsville; Jesse Thomas, Madison; Willis Botin, Duff; Abraham Miller, Crawfordsville; David Sisson, Decker; Fred Schraer, Jordan Village; Joseph D. Barber, San Francisco; Levi Crim, Walkerton; James H. Gillespie, Leota; John Widner, Elwood; Jeremiah B. Howard, Liberty; Andrew Ewing, Hauptstadt; Seth Warren, Big Foot; Bartholomew McCullow, Clinton; John Perry, Millville; Samuel Todd, Myers; Samuel Martin, Covington; Henry I. Adams, Rensselaer; Gideon Trickey, Beetleville; James A. Williams, Westfield; Thomas G. Powers, Greensburg.

Original widows, etc.—Minor of Archibald Anderson, Harrodsburg; Sophia, widow of Henry C. Morgan, Greensburg; Maria, widow of Jack Boorman, Jeffersonville; Caroline M., widow of Ernest P. Gertsenberger, alias Durgess, Indianapolis; Anna, widow of Patrick Healy, Jeffersonville; Sarah A., widow of Wm. Bainbridge, Stone Bluff; David K., father of Geo. W. Miner, Indianapolis; Harrison, father of John W. Lucas, Nashville.

Reissue—Angeline, widow of John G. O'Connell, New Albany.

TO ARMS, O YE GODS!

Some Dreadful Thing Has Happened to the West Side Neighbors.

The bold buccaneers have sailed up White river, assaulted and ravaged the city on the west bank, put the women and children into slavery and held the men up by the heels. This, or something else equally dreadful, must have happened, for hear the appeal of that Spartacus, the West Side Reporter:

To arms! Be ye up and doing. Sit not back there idly and apathetic, like dumb, driven cattle destined for slaughter, but come out like honest, free-born American citizens, and work diligently and nobly for that right and freedom which is yours, and which, to be of benefit to you, must remain yours. Republicans! Democrats! Arouse ye, in the name of God and freedom, arouse ye and tear aside the bonds and thongs that are about to bind us forever, that we may be robbed and not benefited. Arouse ye, in the name of your honor and integrity as citizens, in the name o your children, who will curse you in after years, if you submit to this damnable scheme.

P. S.—Later information is to the effect that this battle cry has been inspired by the blood-curdling report that the proposed new city charter provides that all of Center township be included in the city.

More Room for Pension Agency Taken.

The business of the Indianapolis pension office has grown to such proportions that it is found necessary to have more office-room. It is known, of course, that the agency was long ago crowded out of the federal building. Agent Ensley has decided not to move the office from the Union Block. By the terms of the new lease, almost the entire first floor of the block is to be given up to the agency. The large room adjoining the entrance to the office will be vacated at once by the implement company now occupying it, and the space will be thrown into the pension office. Work on the improvements to be made will begin next week, and it is expected to have the enlarged office ready for occupancy by the date of the next quarterly payment.

That Unmoved Momence Rock.

The commissioners in charge of the removal of the Momence rock have submitted their annual report to the Governor. The instrument reviews the work done and the legal difficulties which stand in the way and have so far prevented much progress. They suggest that if the route of the channel to be cut through the rock is changed to the north of a certain island instead of to the south of it, as at first supposed, the opposition to the work will cease, and they hope to solve the difficulties in this manner. They ask a further appropriation of $5,000 from the Legislature for current expenses.

Guilty of Manslaughter.

The trial of Martin O'Day, for the killing of Timothy Duffy ended in the Criminal Court last evening. The jury found O'Day guilty of manslaughter and fixed his punishment at two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. The penalty is regarded as an unusually light one.

Lewis Walters found guilty of matricide was sentenced to seven years of imprisonment along with O'Day.

Personal.

Mr. Isaac King, retiring Sheriff of Marion county, and one of the most popular men in the city, called on N. W. Bryant & Co. yesterday, and purchased, as a Christmas present for his wife, a fine Kurtzmann piano, finished in burl walnut. Mr. King has just moved into his elegant new residence, 46 Huron street.

THE Ohio Farmers' Insurance Company (through C. W. Oakes, agent) adjusted and paid our loss promptly and fully. It is an exceptionally good company.

SYLVESTER JOHNSON,
EUDORUS JOHNSON.

Irvington, Ind., Dec. 21, 1890.

Assignee's Sale.

Bates House Shoe Store. Entire stock of ladies' and men's shoes, holiday slippers, etc., must be sold in next thirty days, by order of court. Prices below cost. Open every evening. James M. Leathers, assignee.

Good Santa Claus

Comes this week to make the children happy. To crown this week of festivity, everyone should visit the Cyclorama of the Battle of Atlanta. The admission is only 10 cents.

Bicycles for Christmas.

Nothing will please your boy or girl better for a holiday present than a Safety bicycle, a velocipede or a tricycle. We have a large stock to select from. Call and see them; open evenings; at Hearsey's, 116 North Pennsylvania street.

Schimmel & Stevenson,

Printers, 37 West Market.

TRY Stanley's Anti-headache Powders. Metropolitan Pharmacy, 51 North Illinois street, sole agents.

WHAT will stop your kough? K. K.

CARPETS, furniture and stoves. Easy payments or cash. Charles Willig, 468 Virginia ave.

DON'T forget K. K. for your kough.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an admirable remedy for bronchitis, hoarseness, coughs and throat troubles. Sold only in boxes.

H. E. Zimmer,

Successor to Hendricks, drugs, 78 East Washington st.

Van Houten's Cocoa—Best and goes farthest

HOLIDAY RATES.

The Monon Route, L., N. A. & C. Railway, Will sell excursion tickets between all stations at the rate of one and one-third fare on the following dates: December 24, 25, 31 and January 1, tickets good to return until January 5, inclusive. Ticket offices, 26 South Illinois, union station and Massachusetts-avenue depot.

WHITE'S Dandelion for biliousness.

Do You Know

That your old flatirons can be polished and made better for use than new ones? Don't cast them aside, but bring them to E. P. Lee's, 191 and 193 South Meridian street. Price for polishing, 10 cents; grinding and polishing, 15 cents.

Be made strong by Hood's Sarsaparilla

Before the Holidays

Have your carving knife sharpened at E. P. Lee's, 191 and 193 South Meridian street.

Booth's Stables.

Telephone 1061. Carriages for calling, shopping, theaters, weddings, receptions, etc. New and clean. See us before engaging for New Year's. Light livery.

Nickel Plating.

31 West Maryland street. E. B. Rouse.

Free.

Samples of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine at Prantzer's, Brotch & Co.'s, Browning & Son's Cures headache, nervousness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, fits, etc., and all druggists.

H. E. Zimmer,

Successor to Hendricks, drugs, 78 East Washington st.

WHITE'S Dandelion for dyspepsia.

KNABE PIANOS, Rich & McVey, 61 North Pennsylvania.

Five and Ten Cent Sheet Music.

Howard's Book Store, 22 N. Illinois street.

WHITE'S Dandelion cures constipation.

Artificial Teeth Without a Plate

Should interest every one that has been unfortunate enough to lose any of their teeth. Should you be one of the unfortunate ones, will you kindly investigate thoroughly the principles of restoring all lost, decayed or broken teeth without the use of an unhealthful plate, at my office, which is located at 26½ East Wash. st., opposite New York store. A. J. MORRIS, Dentist.

DR. E. R. LEWIS,
Practice limited to diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS.
627 North Delaware St. Telephone 1229.